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ble. A Christian, such at least as he was, describing himself, necessarily dwells upon his infirmities; he mourns over his shortcomings, and seems hardly conscious of his attainments. Others looking on see the light."

The many allusions to seasons of affliction and bereavement which these letters contain, may give to the volume a sombre cast not fairly descriptive of the life which it is sought to represent,—a life which, both in Europe and America, was substantially a bright and happy one. E. P. Gurney was by nature and by grace well fitted to take her place in a circle of which one of its members writes Third mo. 15th, 1869, urging her return to England: "Though there has been much to try and humble us, thou wouldst not find the family overwhelmed. I think they have a wonderful power of looking at and enjoying present blessings, and rising above sorrow, however deeply it may wound."

It is hoped that this volume may recall more freshly to the memory of those who knew her, her work of faith, and labor of love, and patience of hope; and to some who knew her not, may present her as the Christian lady, the thorough and conscientious Friend, the gifted and faithful minister of the gospel. However she might have shrunk from the exposure of some of these papers, dealing with



was taken from him, as it were in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, I believe in her forty-second year, leaving him with seven motherless children, the eldest not yet eighteen years of age. He never fully recovered his spirits after this sore bereavement, though he survived her loss about eight years. My eldest sister took charge of the family; those who were old enough were sent to a boarding-school, my younger sister and myself remaining at home. In the course of a year or two, my sister Frances (who had now become a plain Friend) was married to Dr. Shoemaker, and my sister Julia came home from school to keep my father's house. I have a very pleasant impression of my childhood. It certainly was not a time of trial such as I have often heard this period of life described by others. My father was very indulgent, though firm in his treatment of us, and I remember always feeling it my pleasure as well as duty to obey him. To the best of my recollection, he never reproved me but once. When a very little girl, I had thrown myself on the floor in a pet, and was crying away tremendously, when he observed with perfect quietness, and yet somewhat upbraidingly, 'Don't be a booby.'

"I never shall forget the effect of this rebuke: it calmed me instantly; and naughty as I may have been when out of sight, I think my father never saw

window with knitting in hand, the picture of peaceful content and quiet happiness. Vividly, too, do I recall the cupboard in which she kept all sorts of tempting things, and how the pulses of my heart were quickened when she unlocked its stores. I think I see her now, the dear old lady, looking so dignified and yet so sweet and kind, her house a perfect pattern of good order, neatness, and (my impression is) of simple elegance. She was in fact a model housekeeper; possessing but a moderate income, she lived in real comfort. My uncle, Joseph Paul, a widower, resided with her and her two single daughters, Sarah and Martha; the former a most sensible, superior person, but rather deaf and in a deep decline, which lasted several years. I well remember hearing of her peaceful close during my stay at boarding-school; and sincere was the sorrow I felt at the loss of this beloved and honored relative. In 1825 my uncle Paul was united in marriage to Hannah Lewis, a very valuable Friend and elder, who served as clerk to Philadelphia Yearly Meeting for more than twenty years. They were betrothed in 1820, a little while before dear William Forster's visit to America; but, as he wished my uncle to accompany him in the long pilgrimage through *our* land, the marriage was deferred five years,—*surely* a striking instance of self-sacrifice. My uncle,

"Towards the last of 1810 I was sent to Westtown School, where four of the family had been educated before me, and my sister Harriet remained another year, till my only younger sister was ready to join me. Here I spent three years very happily, and probably should have continued longer but for the serious illness of my precious father, which ended in his death in 1816. My sister Julia and myself were his constant attendants, and she had the true comfort of witnessing his triumphant close, of which I was myself deprived in consequence of the illness and death of my sister Shoemaker's little babe,—a circumstance which I think I may say I have never since ceased to regret. It would have been such an especial privilege to hear him speak of his perfect trust in his God and Saviour, and declare with his dying breath that 'he would not exchange the sweet feeling of peace which filled his heart at that solemn moment for all the gold of Ophir.' My sister called it a blessed translation, and said it seemed as if the gates of heaven were opened to receive him. A few months after this our family dispersed. My brother John married, and brought his bride to our dear old home; my sisters, Julia, Harriet, Sally Ann, and myself going to Philadelphia to live with our married sisters, Frances M. Shoemaker and Mary Ann Williams.

mercy his gentle spirit was united to the just of all generations, washed and made white in the precious blood of the Lamb."

In 1827, E. P. Kirkbride entered into an engagement of marriage with John L. Howell, of Fancy Hill, near Woodbury, N. J., and a future of great promise appeared to await them. Of her appearance and character at this time, one of J. L. Howell's nieces writes :

"I know when I was a little child your dear aunt was constantly at our house in Philadelphia ; she was so lovely that they used to laugh at my silent admiration of her. I can recall, even after all these years, my going to the nursery and telling them that 'Uncle John's pretty Kirkbride was down-stairs to tea.' Then she was so gay and full of bright and happy spirits."

J. L. Howell was a young man of fine character and promise, and attractive social qualities. Their bright prospects, however, were soon clouded by his failing health ; and before the close of 1828 their hopes of earthly happiness were ended by his death. The letter proceeds :

"My uncle died in 1828. Your dear aunt went down to Fancy Hill after his death, and was with my grandma some time. They were such a comfort to

the shortness and suspension of her breath that she had fainted quite, fright gave me strength, and as I was in total darkness and could not find the door, I pounded with my elbows on the wall until my strength gave out and I fell senseless on the floor. The noise, however, had aroused our hostess, and coming up to our door, she thought she heard us whispering within, and thinking all was safe, concluded she would not disturb us; but as she turned to go down-stairs, she felt so uneasy she came quickly back again, and opening the door, let in the air, and thus restored that breath and life to us which, had she not returned, might possibly have been extinct forever. It was the most awfully alarming night I ever knew. I feel we have been mercifully cared for, and are bound to acknowledge gratefully the guardian care of that all-seeing eye which slumbers not.

In the spring of 1833, E. P. Kirkbride paid a visit to her friends in Philadelphia, leaving H. C. B. at Providence under the care of William and Anna Jenkins.

In the Fifth mo. she rejoined her beloved friend in New England, and continued with her till the autumn of 1835, when H. C. B. returned to England, having visited seventeen States of the Union and spent eight months in Upper Canada.

not seem to me an upbraiding look, but rather one that said, "Ah, Simon, I knew thee better than thou knew thyself, and I have suffered thee to be thus tempted that thou mightest be thoroughly acquainted with the weakness and depravity of thine own heart, and know that of thyself thou canst indeed do nothing."

E. P. K. to H. C. B.

PHILADELPHIA, Twelfth mo. 26th, 1835.

To-day my mind is stayed and quieted in a sweet feeling that the world gives not, under the precious influence of which we are enabled to feel gratitude of heart for every dispensation that we have to pass through, however painful some of these may be, trusting they tend to forward us upon our journey to that state of fixedness where disappointment and anxiety can never come. In this sweet sense of resignation to our Father's will the mind can form a truer estimate of the brief moment that we tarry here, the transitory nature of our griefs and joys, and though it be but through a glass and darkly, have some faint glimpses of that better world whose joys are perfect and eternal too. Here, my sweet friend, we may at least believe (if we continue in the blessed Truth) we'll meet again, to part (oh, joyful thought!) no more forever.

join in hallelujahs unto Him who sitteth on the throne and to the Lamb forever.

E. P. K. to H. C. B.

PHILADELPHIA, Fourth mo. 21st, 1838.

During a family sitting at my brother's house, a highly-gifted minister addressed me very remarkably in language of which I give thee an abstract :

"I feel it no light matter to address thee, my endeared sister, being deeply impressed with the conviction that thou art under the preparing hand of thy God, that He is fitting thee for a remarkable service in His Church and family. I do not know how it has been with thee in early days, but my impression is thou hast been under the especial, providential, and preserving care of thy Almighty Father all thy life long, that He has visited thy soul in very early life with His day-spring from on high, and given thee to see and to admire the beauty and the excellency of the truth as it is in Jesus ; and though thou sometimes may have turned thy back upon His visitations, which since has caused thee deep humiliation before the Lord, at others I believe the language of thy spirit was "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem," etc.

only in Him canst thou enjoy peace. The perfect quietude and deep tranquillity of my own spirit are cause of astonishment to myself; knowing such feelings usually betoken an approaching storm, they make me feel a good deal serious, but all anxiety about the morrow seems mercifully to be taken from me. A few days since, on waking from a nap, one of those fearful thoughts about the future that used to cause me such uneasiness flashed through my mind, but in a moment these words appeared to be distinctly uttered, "It is in the hands of the Lord," and a confiding trust that He would order all things well stilled every feeling of anxiety. This surely is the working of Almighty power, for of myself I am a very coward, and dare not face a single adverse storm. He "who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" only knows what the dread of them has cost me, and for awhile has graciously withdrawn it. "Let all flesh bless His holy name forever."

During this year E. P. Kirkbride first appeared publicly in supplication and ministry at her own meeting. She thus describes the exercises of her mind in contemplating this requirement, and the peace which followed her obedience to the call:

or any deviation from the narrow path, a stumbling-block instead of a way-mark to Zion. Pray for me that I may be kept as at the feet of Jesus, and that the preserving fear of God may encompass me about from hour to hour, for herein only there is perfect safety. Oh, how I longed for thee yesterday! I thought thy sympathy would be so sweet to me. But yet I do believe it is all rightly ordered; better I should be cast alone upon that Power which can and has sustained me, enabling me to adopt the language of the dear Redeemer (even in the midst of much apparent destitution), "And yet I am not alone, for the Father is with me;" "And where He vital breathes, there must be joy." So do not be concerned about me. I have many kind friends here, and several have already been to see me, and thou knowest His promise is that "no good thing will He withhold from those that love Him." Oh, that I may be enabled to do so with my whole heart and mind and strength, that so at the conclusion of my mortal pilgrimage, having kept the faith, I may receive the blessed sentence of "Well done, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." I do not wish to dwell much longer upon the subject, ~~for~~ I believe it will not be profitable to my own mind, but I will just say that much of my time was spent in my own room yesterday, and though I passed some wakeful

through its spacious halls, and shared freely by numberless guests from far and near.

“ In this mansion used to be
Free-hearted hospitality;
Its great fires up the chimneys roared,
The stranger feasted at its board.”

In this delightful home E. P. Gurney now found herself installed as mistress. Her frank and generous nature expanded in its congenial atmosphere, and she rejoiced in the enlarged opportunities it afforded for the active exercise of the benevolence which was one of her prominent traits.

Catharine Gurney writes soon after the marriage :

1841.

MY DEAREST JOSEPH AND ELIZA,—My mind and heart are so full towards you that I do not incline to turn to other interests till I have expressed to you the happy impression left from my intercourse with you, and the true, solid comfort I have in thee, my beloved sister. I am so glad to feel such a capability of loving thee and being intimate with thee. It is not for us to extol the creature, but it is good to love and value one another in its just subordination, and allowable sometimes to communicate our approbation and sympathy, to stimulate and animate one another on our way; and in entering a new

one which brought the intelligence of my dearest brother's decease, but hope soon to have more particulars, which I will forward to thee. In the midst of countless blessings, I can unite in what thou sayest about praising the dead that are already dead more than the living that are still alive, groaning, as at seasons all must groan, under the burthen of mortality, and when they do rejoice, rejoice with trembling. Yet we must both wait patiently the appointed time until the change shall come; and may we not, by too much dwelling on the trials and afflictions that we meet with by the way, neglect to number the abounding mercies of a gracious God? Thy sympathy is always sweet to me; I know its depth and sincerity.

. . . How thoroughly the stamp of "right" which is sometimes mercifully set upon our movements, repays for hours of conflict no one knows better than thyself.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

EARLHAM, Eighth mo. 20th, 1842.

After I despatched my hasty lines to thee from Wells I received thy welcome letter, and was truly glad to hear of thy comfortable getting on, although it is still, I perceive, through no small tribulation. Dearest Joseph and I often contrast our compara-

visits to the cottages of the coast-guardmen, establishing a library for the sailors, etc.

E. P. G. to J. K. Clarke.

EARLHAM, Eleventh mo. 25th, 1842.

. . . The delightful atmosphere which I continually breathe of love and purity, in which the spirit of defamation, of envy, of selfishness has never found an entrance, is an atmosphere I have all my life longed for and had quite despaired of obtaining,—one in which I have continually to guard against the evil propensities of my own haughty heart, that I may feel it a home atmosphere, that I may not appear an odd one in this precious circle.

I think thou wilt like to hear how each day passes, that thou may be able to picture us. We rise about eight. At a quarter before nine the bell rings for family reading, and, all the servants being collected, we make quite a little congregation. Either Joseph or John H. reads the New Testament, and I often read a psalm or a few verses out of Priscilla Gurney's collection. Then we all sally forth for a walk till breakfast is on the table, and afterwards my dearest J. and myself adjourn to our beautiful sitting-room for our own private reading. Before this, however, I always go into the housekeeper's room and order dinner, etc. Then Joseph and I take a long walk,

sometimes in the garden, sometimes in the park. By the time we reach home the letters have come; these read, we go into our respective sitting-rooms, write letters, read, or employ ourselves as we like till luncheon at one, after which I often accompany Joseph to Norwich, and while he is engaged for an hour or two at the bank, I visit the jail or hospital, or perhaps make calls on the sick, and thus my time passes pleasantly till he is ready to return. We dine at six, and afterwards adjourn to the drawing-room, where we settle in for a comfortable evening, always having some book on hand, which we go on reading, let who may be here, unless they are only guests for the day. J. H. is often our reader, when Joseph employs himself with his pencil, and Anna and I with our needles. On First day evenings at half-past eight the hall bell is rung, and the Earham cottagers, amounting, with the servants, to about forty persons, assemble in the ante-room, where we read to them, and often have an interesting little meeting afterwards.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

MY BELOVED MOTHER,—I am sure thou wilt be interested in hearing that my letters from America, received this morning, have brought me the sad intelligence of the decease of my dear Aunt Fletcher,

and also of the unlooked-for removal of Chalkley Shoemaker, my sister's eldest son.

Is it not remarkable how one piece of mournful information follows another in quick succession, till it seems as if my whole family would be swept away? I confess I have felt a little stunned by the news of to-day, but nothing causes me the slightest misgiving as to my being in my right allotment here.

I have always felt that I was brought into it by an irresistible arm of power, and even though all this should prove "but the beginning of sorrows" (which I have thought to-day was more than possible), I believe I shall feel that "it is the Lord," and trust I shall be strengthened to say, "Let Him do what seemeth Him good." But my heart is very hard, my dear mother; pray for me that it may be so "exercised" by these multiplied afflictions as to bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness and true holiness.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

EARLHAM, First mo. 26th, 1843.

I was struck with what thou sayest of being thankful to be employed in so good a Master's service; but I fear I know little of this grateful feeling, for although I am again and again brought to the ac-

but myself, but to thee it would be equally striking and new, and I have often thought how greatly such and such a thing would have amused thee. Dear Anna has probably told thee of our arrival at Boulogne, visit to Amiens, etc. We then went on to Clermont, where we had rather rude accommodations, but the country about it is charming. Josiah Forster, whom we find a most agreeable and useful companion, took me off after breakfast into a wood to hear the nightingales, and very sweet they were. The weather, too, was lovely, and the views of Clermont and the finely-cultivated valleys from the neighboring hills exceeded anything I almost ever saw for charm and beauty, and would have thoroughly refreshed thee I am sure.

It is certainly much more like travelling in America than in England, and often reminds me of our tour through Cherry Valley, in the western part of the State of New York. The light and clean-looking houses with their green Venetian shutters and the frequent rows of poplars seem like old friends, while the bright sky and dry atmosphere almost beguile me into the belief that I have got back to my own native land. On the other hand, the difficulty of getting there was brought painfully home to me in my suffering sea-voyage, being scarcely able to hold up my head from the time we left Dover till

we reached Boulogne. I think I scarcely ever was so ill at sea before, and yet the captain called it a fair passage.

I think I mentioned in my letter to Anna, which I desired thou might see, that we visited a miserable prison at Amiens,—the people poorly employed and looking dirty and uncomfortable ; one poor boy shut up in the castle, a dismal, dungeon-like, unhealthy-looking place, so damp I should not think that any one could live there long. But at Clermont we visited a prison forming a striking contrast to this wretched place. It is on the silent system, and certainly the most favorable specimen I have seen. About nine hundred women, decently clothed, and busily employed, and looking really comfortable, were quite a cheering sight. We were not permitted to speak to them at all, nor even to our conductress, except in a whisper, and therefore the most profound silence reigned throughout, to relieve the monotony of which they occasionally break forth into hymn-singing.

Some of them were engaged in beautiful embroidering, others in reeling and fine needle-work. Nothing could exceed the neatness of their sleeping apartments, about two hundred in each, high, airy, and most comfortable. They are under the care of the nuns, and I had just come to the conclusion that

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they really did deserve credit for this labor of love, as I supposed it to be, when we were told they were amply repaid for their services. This was a take-off certainly; still one admires the perfect order and true cleanliness, and I for one am willing they should have their due. The superior conducted us over the house, and when we returned to the parlor we found about twenty nuns collected to receive us, dressed in their gray attire and neat white caps. They looked all joy at seeing us, and dear E. Fry spoke very nicely to them, which Katherine interpreted. Among other things she observed that we were all unprofitable servants, and that however pleasant and right it was to be employed in good works, there was no merit due to the creature, that we must ascribe all praise, etc. The superior responded to her remarks until she came to this, when she directly said in a pathetic tone, "Oh, yes, I think there is a little merit in the performance of good deeds," to which an old nun, who seemed really spiritually-minded, with a very pleasant countenance, replied, "But Madame Fry means to convey to us that she gets such a reward at her heart when she does right that she has no need of anything more." It was a very interesting time, and they were certainly the most satisfactory set of "Papists," as Joseph calls them, that I have yet seen.

slow in forming friendships, I begin already to feel it would be quite easy to love her. We dine with them on Fourth day evening, and to-morrow are invited to the Mallets, which Joseph and myself have declined. We mean to spend an hour in the evening with them. E. Mallet is an interesting person, and quite religiously inclined.

Last evening we had a chief from the Sandwich Islands and two or three other gentlemen, and this morning we have had a few callers, but the tide has not yet set in. It is a real trial to be in this land and not speak the language. It does not much signify with regard to the "great" people, as many of them speak English, and I do not know that I have much to do with them at any rate; but when the flocks of interesting-looking people of the poorer class crowded around our carriage as we came along at every halting-place, and seemed so anxious to be noticed by us, I quite longed to talk to them. Thou wouldst have smiled to see the eagerness with which they seized upon the little books and tracts we scattered on the road, and how good-naturedly they laughed aloud when they missed catching them. Some of the women have such mild, sweet faces, and many of the children are quite charming.

Last evening we had a call from the Count and Countess Gasparin, and to-day from the Duc de Broglie. The countess is one of the most pleasing persons I have yet seen.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

I

PARIS, Fifth mo. 12th, 1843.

Our stay here has been full of interest, and though I have been in many respects led by the way of the cross, especially in being so continually in a crowd of people, yet altogether it has been more agreeable to me than I anticipated, and I have felt my heart really drawn in love towards several individuals we have met with. The Countess Pelet and Madame André, very sweet and humble-minded Christians, I have felt particularly interested in, and dearest Joseph and myself paid both of them a thorough friendly family visit, which they received with warm and hearty thanks. They have both been refined by adversity, and are very superior women naturally. I have also felt a great attraction to some of the young people: they speak English well, and manifest true cordiality towards us. We have had two very interesting evenings with them, but as I have given the particulars in some of my letters, which thou wilt probably see, it is scarcely worth while to repeat them. I forget whether I told thee that we dined

which seems ready to groan under its costly and magnificent decorations. They wished us very much to come to dinner, but this we resolutely declined. We have been interested in meeting the daughters of Oberlin and Lafayette, both of whom are said to be serious persons. What the extent of seriousness and, above all, of self-denial in some of these professing Christians is it may be difficult to determine; happily, we are not their judges. I cannot but believe many of them have been very seriously impressed under my dear sister's and husband's ministrations. As to myself, I rank the little I have had to do very, very low, and feel sure my own heart needs thoroughly mending before I can do much toward cultivating the good seed in others. Yet I have been mercifully helped to be faithful to the little that is required, and have felt true peace in giving up my own stubborn will, which always, I think I may say, rises against it.

First day morning.

I must just add a line or two to tell thee about an evening which we all felt to be a most weighty occasion. For my own part, I may truly say, my heart was like lead all day, under the apprehension that I should have to declare some plain truths to a company of Protestants and Catholics, which it seemed to me it would be impossible to utter.

heart, quoting His answer to the young man who inquired, What must I do to inherit eternal life? "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," and then directing all sin-sick souls to Him as the only Saviour, the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, for "there is yet balm in Gilead, there is yet a physician there." My sister Fry followed very sweetly, confirming what I had said of giving Him the undivided heart, and Joseph finished in solemn supplication. I did not know how the Catholics would receive the doctrine; but to my comfort, several of them took me warmly by the hand and expressed their great satisfaction in what they had heard. Lafayette's daughter, who is one of the serious among them, seemed full of love, and said, "We have had a blessed evening." I cannot say the weight that was taken off my soul by being faithful, but it was no small effort, as thou mayst suppose. We had two of the ladies in waiting on the queen, the Baron Mallet and all his family, Lafavelle, Count Pelet, etc., amounting in all, I should think, to seventy persons or more.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

FONTAINEBLEAU, Fifth mo. 17th, 1843.

I think I sent thee my hasty journal up to Seventh day evening. On First day morning we had a sweet

up, when a letter comes from Guizot, announcing the king's pleasure that "Madame Fry and Monsieur and Madame Gurney" should wait upon him at Neuilly (his own private palace, about six miles from Paris) at half-past eleven the next day. Here was an end to our journey for the present, so our party amused and occupied themselves in various ways. For my own part, I was very glad of the opportunity of seeing the refuge for poor penitents, an admirably ordered institution, which I had much wished to see, and in the evening we were all interested in a nice party of talented gentlemen whom Aunt Fry had invited to meet her on the prison question. This afforded Joseph an opportunity of fully relieving his mind to several distinguished individuals, so that even in this respect the detention answered well. And now I must tell thee exactly what my feelings were on finding that I was included in the invitation to Neuilly, which was quite an unsolicited favor, though I confess my heart had been much attracted towards the royal family, and I thought more than once, "Had I mamma's faithfulness, I should ask for an interview." Notwithstanding, when the unlooked-for permission came, I was almost ready to decline the favor; but it seemed to be sealed on my spirit that if I went in simplicity, and was faithful to what was made manifest, I should feel a greater flow of

of having attended Friends' meeting in Second Street before I was born. My sister Fry then alluded to the affecting circumstance of the sudden death of the Duke of Orleans, which they have all felt extremely, and expressed her sympathy for them, and afterward she introduced the prison subject. Then Joseph gave them a short account of the present state of the free West India Islands. They listened with great attention to both statements, and we had some interesting conversation in reference to them; but I found I dare not leave it here, and actually had courage to request permission to express what was resting on my mind toward them. They instantly bowed assent, the king saying, "Certainly, certainly," in the most gracious manner, and after a short pause I was strengthened to address them for several minutes in an unexcited manner, and with more quietness of spirit than I have often known when speaking to the humblest individual. I think in mercy I was raised above all fear for the moment; the ladies, including the queen, directly dropped their worsted work in which they were busily engaged, and they were all profoundly attentive until I had done, when the king in the kindest manner exclaimed, "Allow me to return you our heartfelt thanks for your good wishes and prayers for our family," with several other very kind expressions, to

which the queen and Princess Adelaide most cordially responded. Then my sister and Joseph in a few appropriate sentences set their seal to what I had said, and desired their heavy afflictions might work for them a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, etc.

After the interchange of a few kind expressions we rose to depart, when the queen with a great deal of feeling turned towards me and observed, "I must thank you from my heart for your prayers for us," to which the Princess Adelaide subjoined, "Yes, from our hearts we thank you," and the king, coming forward and putting out his hand, said in the kindest manner, "Allow me to shake you by the hand, and again express my warmest and most grateful thanks." So thou seest I was abundantly rewarded, even in this way, for my first act of dedication before the great ones of the earth. After we left the palace, Joseph said he had been so reminded of thy prophecy that "I would one day see more of royalty than ever my sister Fry had done," and insisted upon my putting down, as nearly as I could remember it, just what I had communicated and send it to thee, which I have accordingly done. But thou must not expose it, lest it may convey the notion of my feeling myself of some importance in the world, when truly I never felt so utterly unequal to do any good

I wanted to tell thee about our affecting visit to the "Enfants Trouvés," where we saw hundreds of poor little new-born babies, bleating like lambs for their mothers. They told us they received about thirteen a day, of whom about one-third die. Their little curtained beds looked truly pretty, and I enjoyed quieting several of the poor little innocents by patting them on their backs. They wrap them up in thick blankets, so that they can neither move hand nor foot, and nothing can exceed the pallid and almost deathlike appearance of many of them.

J. J. Gurney to Anna Backhouse.

The loveliest of all the ladies whom we have seen and to whom thy mother has been attracted is the Duchess of Orleans, whom we visited by appointment yesterday morning. She received us alone at the Tuileries in the kindest and most open manner, and interested us very deeply. She is simple, refined, unaffected, and warm-hearted, of a slender frame, and a most pleasing countenance. She spoke most affectionately of "Aunt Fry," and after some easy friendly conversation thy dear mother proposed silence, which was immediately complied with. Soon afterwards she addressed the duchess, who speaks and understands English well, with remarkable force and clearness, expressing the deep and tender sym-

sweet little meetings, and arrived here yesterday, greatly to our satisfaction. We go to Congenies next week, and then to Switzerland. Will it not be a treat to see that lovely country?

E. P. G. to J. K. Clarke.

VALENCE, Sixth mo. 18th, 1843.

Dear Joseph has been extremely ill, and is only now so far recovered as to enable us to go forward toward Geneva by easy journeys and with great care. Thou mayst imagine what it has been to have him laid low with an alarming attack of fever at Congenies, a little village in which it is difficult to obtain the very necessities of life, ten miles from a medical man in whom we could have any confidence, and the dwelling we were in quite as rough as the log houses in the backwoods of America. However, this rude abode was made comfortable and even pleasant to us by the kind and affectionate attentions of the dear friend to whom it belonged, but, above all, by the lifting up of the light of the countenance of Him in whose presence, even under the most painful circumstances, there is fulness of joy.

The meetings have been very large and satisfactory, and truly cheering it has been to find so many weary of the form and panting for the substance, awaking to the truth of the apostle's doctrine that

"the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." At Lyons, Chalons, Avignon, and Nîmes we found this most especially the case, and in each place we had large public meetings, besides the smaller towns and villages in all their neighborhoods.

It was most pleasant when we got to Nîmes to sit down once again with our own friends, who have a little meeting there, composed of six or seven families and the dear children at the school, which has been lately opened, and promises to be a real blessing to the little band at Nîmes and Congenies, in whom we felt a deep and lively interest. Christine Majolier, whose name I do not doubt thou hast often heard, is a superior person, and a great stay to the society about these parts. Indeed, I do not know what they would do without her, as she is clerk both for the men and women at the Two-Months' Meeting, and a most useful person every way.

E. P. G. to her Aunt Paul.

Seventh mo., 1843.

My last, I think, was sent from Valence to my sister Julia, and I know you will be glad to hear that since that time my beloved husband has made steady progress toward the recovery of his health, and that I have now the true comfort of seeing him stronger and better than he has been for a twelve-

for many miles. The cold expression of the eternal snows contrasted strangely with the almost golden flood of light and heat that poured upon us from a burning sun, and we could scarcely think the whole was no illusion. The next day we reached Annecy, and had a lovely row upon the lake just as the sun was setting. The scenery was truly beautiful.

On Fourth day noon we got to this sweet home, and found most pleasant rooms provided for us on the Rhone.

On Fifth day we took the steamer for Vevay, and a delightful excursion we had. The mountain-scenery, as you approach Vevay, is truly charming, and our hotel in the best situation possible for an entire view of it. On Sixth day morning we took a carriage and drove to Villeneuve, stopping to see John Backhouse's delightful residence upon the lake, where they had spent six months some years ago.

We looked at Chillon, too, with real interest, and my husband sketched it. The footprints in the prison-floor, worn by poor Bonnivard, and the islet with "three trees," so exactly answering to the poet's lines, were curiously attractive, for I thought I had grown far too prosaic to care aught about them. And then I do so utterly condemn Lord Byron's course, I hardly liked to be so influenced by his productions. Had he but used his master-mind

are many very interesting and highly intellectual people at Geneva, and many high professors. How much there is of simple, genuine, unmixed Christianity is not for us to judge. There is much diversity of sentiment, and perhaps some want of charity, among them. There were, however, several pastors who appeared to be really devoted men, with whose company we were much pleased. A strong prejudice evidently existed against women's ministry, of which we heard as soon as we arrived; and, with the burden which was certainly laid upon me towards the people, I was placed in the most painful and apparently indissoluble bonds. I scarcely know which was the most annoying, the objection in the minds of some, or the strong curiosity and inclination in others, inducing them to beg that I would speak. But truly our merciful Lord does make a way for us where we can see no way. Did any ever trust in Him and were confounded? Our first meeting was in our own hotel, and very satisfactory; afterward my husband gave an account of his visit to the West Indies to a large company in the Casino, six or seven hundred. He told his story well, giving it a very instructive turn toward the close, reminding them that there was a slavery even more terrible and more to be dreaded than that under which the poor Africans groaned,—the cruel

In the evening we took tea at Colonel Frouchin's, where we again met with several of our morning company, and many more, a party probably of sixty-five or seventy. A very sweet evening we had, visiting the capital chalet which this truly liberal man has erected for the sick poor, at his own expense and on his own grounds. We had a religious opportunity with the inmates, I hope to their refreshment, and afterwards with the party at the chateau, to our own relief and comfort.

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things that are above," etc. Their hearts seemed to overflow with love and kindness toward us, and we parted from them not expecting to see their faces again in this scene of mutability; but, to our surprise and pleasure, a few of them waylaid us on our road next day to take a final leave. It was very bright and cheering to see them once again, and the effort which they made for it, waiting some time in the heat, proved their sincerity. At Yverdon and Neufchâtel my dear husband had good service in meetings appointed in the Oratoire, and therefore, of course, I could have no part in them, as women are not allowed to speak in their churches.

We are now at Berne (Seventh mo. 30th), and expecting to hold a meeting in our inn this evening

We reached this place on Fifth day evening, and on Sixth day noon we took a drive to Hofwyl. I cannot say that the spirit of this place is very satisfactory, and greatly fear that, commendable as Fellenberg's system is in many respects, there is not a full recognition of Divine truth to be found in it, and hence is an indescribable chilliness over the whole thing, which is very uncomfortable.

Zurich, Eighth mo. 7th.—We had a truly satisfactory meeting at Berne on First day evening. A burthened mind was my portion all through the day, which is always an earnest, and often a fearful one, that I shall have some part to take in the vocal service; and after my dear husband had been very interestingly engaged for nearly an hour, I had to employ him as my interpreter while I warned the assembly, composed as it was of serious people, of the danger of self-confidence, and pointed out the necessity of placing our whole dependence upon Him who can alone preserve us from the power of the enemy. "Let him who thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

The meeting ended very solidly, and we had several serious persons in our saloon afterward. On Second day morning we left Berne (where we also visited a school for orphans and a refuge for naughty boys, both well conducted), and made a lovely ex-

cursion to the Oberland. My husband wished to have meetings at Thun, Interlachen, and Lauterbrunnen, and none of us had any objection to feast our eyes on the delicious scenery with which this part of Switzerland abounds.

Grindelwald especially has the most unique character of picturesque loveliness,—the beautiful Swiss cottages, with their outside staircases and latticed balconies, forming a highly ornamental feature in the charming landscape; the happy-looking peasants in their bright costumes; the Alpine horns reverberating through the mountain fastnesses; the thrilling “Ranz des Vaches,” sung with peculiar sweetness by the mountaineers; the bounding goats, led frequently by children down the winding paths; the wondrous glaciers, so blue and beautiful, which mock description; and now and then a thundering avalanche comes rolling down the distant mountain-side, adding fresh charm to this enchanting spot. But, beyond and above all, the towering Bernese Alps, capped with eternal snows, burst on your marvelling and delighted sight at every turn. Of these, the Jungfrau, Eiger, Mönch, etc., are conspicuous; and of the beautiful dark mountains in the Oberland, the Niesen stands unrivalled.

A pious old schoolmaster resides near the falls (which are highly beautiful), who informed us that

When we arrived at Zurich we found that Gessner, the venerable old pastor, whom we hoped to see, was just deceased, and that funeral sermons were to be preached for him in the different chapels on the following Sabbath. This, I have no doubt, contributed to the solemnity of the meeting which my husband held in the evening, and which proved a remarkably satisfactory one. Our new friend, Matilda Esher, who belongs to the same class as Christine Majolier and Sophia Wurstenberger, useful and independent, had got the meeting up in a suitable apartment in her brother's house. His sermon was a very interesting comment upon the text, "Not many wise, not many mighty, not many noble are called," and seemed to make a deep impression on the attentive hearers.

While we were at Zurich we paid a delightful visit to our dear friend the Countess Pelét, who, with her amiable husband, was at Baden-Baden, about twelve miles off. She received us with the utmost cordiality, and said she could not refrain from weeping when she found she must leave the neighborhood the next day, and therefore resign all hope of seeing us, as her health was too delicate to make the exertion to come to us. She is certainly the finest woman we have seen on the Continent, both as regards the natural powers of her comprehensive mind,

and came on to Basel, where we now are, in the poorest accommodations we have had in Switzerland. On our way thither we visited Burgen, a well-conducted institution, under the care of Zeller, a man of good spirit and respectable abilities; his wife seems an efficient helper, and both the children and the young men who are preparing for teachers looked very agreeable. The spirit of the whole thing was a perfect contrast to Hofwyl, where there is more talent, more display, more exact arrangement, and more completeness in many ways, but far less of the one great charm of all benevolent establishments,—the integrity and simplicity of the truth as it is in Jesus. At Burgen my husband had an interesting little meeting with the thirty-five young men who are qualifying themselves for teachers, and when we came down to the yard we found the children, who had been in the fields at work, all assembled to meet us. Both he and Josiah addressed them, to which, at the request of their master, they returned a hearty “Danke!” in full concert, and we parted from them very agreeably impressed with the good order of this establishment.

Basel, Eighth mo. 14th.—On First day morning we had our own little meeting, in which my husband was engaged in supplication very sweetly, and I had afterward to express a few words, to my

little expectation would be the case when I went to meeting.

We had a very nice meeting in the evening, and when two young men who attempted to interpret for my husband failed, a sweet young girl from India, whom Hoffman beckoned to, stepped up upon the platform and translated beautifully from English into German, without the least forwardness, but also without the least hesitation. The next day we went to see the celebrated prison at Ludwigsburg, in which there are about nine hundred prisoners, all men. The regulations appear to be good, but they are sadly crowded together, the prison being only intended for five hundred. We visited five of the wards, and the poor creatures seemed very much touched with what was said to them. Some of the soldiers also looked greatly interested, and although much of the seed, no doubt, fell into stony and thorny places, some, I trust, also was sown in good ground. And now, at the close of this truly remarkable journey, in which we have been led as the blind by a way that we knew not, and wherein we are bound to confess that darkness has again and again been made light before us and crooked things straight, what can we do but unite in the acknowledgment, "O Lord, righteousness belongeth unto Thee, but unto us confusion of face as at this day." May each one of

are, waiting for the packet of to-morrow. It gives us a nice opportunity for getting a little into the quiet before we encounter the full home stream.

The following letters, although in some respects a recapitulation of the journal already quoted, are preserved as giving some new views of the events of this interesting tour.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

NIMES, Sixth mo. 3d, 1843.

I think I sent my last letter from Lyons, but I believe I did not tell thee of the intense suffering I had in going there. It seemed to me almost impossible to endure life any longer, and I wept as we went along until I was completely ill. However, a quiet evening and good night brought me round a little, and in the morning we began to inquire what was to be done in that great place, the second city in France. Presently the Pastor Cordes called, and on Joseph's asking permission to attend his chapel and address the people, if he found it required of him, it was cheerfully granted him. The ladies, however, were given to understand that it was contrary to the law of the Sanhedrim for women to speak in the churches. I saw my dear husband's countenance fall directly, but my naughty heart was

the moments to some account, so I proposed to
to endeavor to have a little serious conversation
with the soldiers who were lounging about in
next room. It seemed rather an experiment, but
they could answer better. They seemed to me
to think that war was the one great object of their
existence, so I begged Joseph to tell them that all
must come to an end, but that the immortal
soul could live forever, therefore it was the one
business of life to have it cleansed from its
impurities and prepared for a happy eternity. They
were really thoughtful, and listened to him for
some time with great attention. I felt much more
at ease afterward, and concluded we might be in
touch of our duty even when apparently in the
middle of it. In the afternoon we had a most
interesting visit to a capital institution for disabled
soldiers, numbers of whom we found sitting under
the shade of the fine old elms; and as we walked
we joined the different groups and talked with

will forsake it. After making a very satisfactory visit here, having had some large meetings and reunions, which Christine, who is our kind helper, thinks will not soon be forgotten, we are just about to set off for Congenies, but shall return in about two weeks on our way to Geneva. We are much pleased with the school, and the dear children seem delighted to have us. Justine Benezet, the teacher, is a sweet-spirited woman, an acknowledged minister. I must tell thee a little anecdote about her sister, a person of sweet countenance and the greatest simplicity of character I ever met with. She was telling us her grandfather and grandmother were both ministers, and Joseph expressed a wish that their mantle might descend upon her, on which she beautifully answered with the most striking naïveté, "*Voici la servante du Seigneur*" ("Be it unto me as thou wilt"). I could not help thinking how thou wouldst have enjoyed her simplicity. Poor thing! her husband was murdered a few years ago. She has lost one fine child, and the only one left is an idiot.

On Second day morning, with feelings of unclouded peace, we took leave of the dear kind friends of Congenies, who assembled in a body at the door of our dwelling-house and parted from us with tearful eyes, and pursued our way to Nîmes, where we found J. C. Backhouse awaiting our arrival. On

but it so wholly mocks description that it is almost idle to attempt it. The whole drive is one of uncommon loveliness. After we left Geneva, we had large meetings at Lausanne, Vevay, Neuchâtel, Berne, etc., and again we feasted our eyes on the most magnificent scenery. At Grindelwald there were also beautiful glaciers in sight from our inn; and near Brienz we saw the lovely Giesbach, one of the finest waterfalls in Switzerland. We had several very interesting meetings at Interlachen, Thun, and Lauterbrunnen. The one at Thun especially was very interesting, being attended by a little company of Primitive Christians, who reside in the neighborhood, whose souls seem truly thirsting for the living spring, and I believe we were refreshed together. We had a very interesting meeting here last evening.

Zurich, Eighth mo. 7th.—The good old Pastor Gessner, whom we had hoped to see, deceased a few days before we arrived, and his funeral sermon was preached in the different chapels yesterday, so that it was rather an unusually serious time, and I have no doubt tended to the solemnity of the evening meeting, which was very relieving to Joseph's mind. We have just been refreshed by interesting visits, one to the widow of Gessner, the other to the single daughter of Lavater, who resides in the house in which he was born. I believe they are truly of the

household of faith, and it was cheering to be received by them as brethren and sisters of the Lord. The dear old lady seems only to realize that the partner of her joys and sorrows has, in the tender mercy of his God and Saviour, been taken home a little while before her; and the instructive language of her grateful spirit seemed to be, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be His name."

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

BRUSSELS, Eighth mo. 26th, 1843.

The last month, since I wrote thee before, has perhaps been as striking as any part of our journey, and certainly when we left home we had no expectation of finding such an open door in France and Switzerland, and I may now add Germany; for, passing over our very interesting month at Geneva and the neighborhood, visit to Yverdun and Neuschâtel, Berne, Schaffhausen, Strasburg, Zurich, Basel, etc., I must give thee a little account of our remarkable experience at Stuttgart, which ought to confirm my faith all the days of my life. I think I told thee of our meeting the Princess Marie of Würtemberg when we were at Geneva, when she cordially invited us to Stuttgart, but my husband told her we had no expectation of coming that way. When she left she wrote me a sweet little note, commending her father

fresh discouragement, my heart was like lead, for I was fastened to the place in the most singular manner, and dare not break my bonds ; so I begged we might stay till noon, and see if anything opened ; if not, and they wished it, we would go. In the morning we were told that not only was the King not arrived, but it was now wholly uncertain when he would come. I really began to conclude that my faith would be wholly destroyed, that I should have to leave Stuttgart without any answer to the deep impression which had been so singularly made on my mind, and which nothing had been able to shake. If this proved a delusion, how could I believe that any of my former experience was true ? I threw myself on the bed and wept in an agony of soul which was known only to the All-seeing Eye. About this time a person came to request we would have a meeting in the evening at the house of a lady, to which many people wished to come who were not at the previous meeting. Joseph's mind seemed drawn to it at once, contrary to his usual custom, and I felt *sure* it was right. The meeting was appointed, and consequently we remained through the day.

About three o'clock, when we should otherwise have been on our journey, as I believe in deep sadness of heart, a messenger arrived to say the King was come. Confirming as this was to my faith, and

in such a party, standing in the open balcony, I felt it was impossible, and in a strength that truly was given me, I asked the King and Queen if they would kindly allow us to sit down together in silence; to which they assented at once, saying, "Certainly, certainly," and, followed by the crown prince and the two princesses, walked into the drawing-room, the Queen herself placing our chairs just opposite to them.

My husband addressed them, after a little pause, very sweetly, and then I was constrained to bow the knee in supplication, and a very solemn time it was to my own feelings and, I trust, to theirs. The King and Queen shook us by the hand and thanked us warmly, the former saying he had been "penetrated" by what was said. Most glad was I to turn my back upon the palace and all that it contained, and truly thankful, I trust, to that wonderworking Being, who had thus marvellously opened a way for us where we could see no way. We were rather surprised when we came out of the drawing-room to find that the whole party of ladies and gentlemen, or lords and ladies, had left the balcony and come into the adjoining room, so that we had in fact been holding a meeting with them all. But now, my dear friend, thy poor unworthy child is returning home, covered from head to foot with a humbling sense of her manifold infirmities, yet with some ability to rejoice in

for thee but that the same preserving and preventing grace which shines so conspicuously in thy beloved father's course may be eminently and continually spread like a shield around his precious child; that in that beautiful spirit of meekness and humility which adorn him beyond any other Christian I ever knew, thou mayst be enabled to fill thy new and interesting position with true dignity, and even so let thy light shine before men, that others, seeing thy good works, may glorify thy Father which is in heaven.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

CROMER, Twelfth mo. 18th, 1843.

I know thou wilt be sorry to hear that I have had a very poor account of my dear niece, Margaret Williams. She is a precious plant of the Lord's own right-hand planting, and I know I ought not to complain if He is now about to transplant her into a more genial clime; but she has closely twined herself around my heart by the sweetness and gentleness of her disposition and the warmth of her affections, and there are few whose loss I should so truly mourn. In a letter from Dr. Shoemaker's daughter, M. K. White, she says, "I fear my dear Aunt Mary will lose her darling Madge before very long, though she does not seem to think so herself, but builds with confident hope upon every change

ciously given thee, in which all the little threads that are worn thin in the well-used (I would not say well-abused) net may be carefully mended.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

Seventh mo. 4th, 1844.

We are now permitted to settle down quietly in our beautiful home with the feeling of calmness and peace, having in some degree passed through the baptism of the cloud, which no doubt for some wise purpose was dispensed to us. I have, however, in the last few days been brought into close sympathy with my far-distant relations by the tidings which have reached me both of the removal of my precious niece, and of the rapidly-increasing illness of my valued uncle Paul, who, I should think, would very soon be numbered with those blessed ones "who die in the Lord." Dear Margaret's close was calm and peaceful, though she was not entirely restored to reason, as they fondly hoped. Her doubly-widowed mother will return to Woodburn with my sister *Clarke*, as she is much in need of rest and quiet, and will find both there. I very much approve of *this* arrangement, believing it will be a comfort to *them* both. Oh, that I could be with them for a little while! but it is ordered otherwise, and I am sure that it is ordered well.

loading us with kindnesses of various sorts. They are both sweet Christian-spirited women, sincerely interested in the spread of truth and righteousness upon the earth, and we had many pleasant hours in their company. My husband had three or four meetings for worship in Paris, and, in unison with Josiah Forster, George Alexander, and John Scoble, held a large anti-slavery meeting, which I hope made some impression, as the French people generally are very much asleep on the subject of emancipation, and sadly want rousing. It was a very satisfactory occasion, and I think would be productive of good. But the most interesting circumstance of our Paris sojourn was a precious interview which we had with the Duchess of Orleans, whose son, thou knowest, is heir to the throne. She is a truly pious Protestant, though surrounded by Catholics, and one of the most delicate and lovely-looking young creatures I ever saw. It is often difficult to obtain access to her, and we applied for an interview without much hope of success, but the answer was, "She would see us with pleasure," appointing the day. When the time arrived we drove to the palace of the Tuileries, and were taken from one apartment to the other, resting a little while in each, till at last we were shown into the most magnificent drawing-room I ever saw, and in a little while a graceful,

spicuous and exalted situations. The evening we left Paris we had a leave-taking party of about seventy of our friends, and a very satisfactory opportunity it proved, ending in a thorough Quaker meeting. Dear J. J. G.'s facility in French is quite surprising. A gentleman observed the other evening, after he had been speaking for more than an hour, that there was but one word in all he had said which betrayed that he was not a Frenchman. It is beginning to be much more understandable to me, but I never venture to speak it, and indeed there is not much necessity, as almost all the educated people here speak English, or at least a great many of them. Since we left Paris, we have had meetings at Orleans, Blois, Tours, Saumer, Nantes, and Rochelle. Expect to have one here to-morrow, and then proceed to Sainte-Foy, Toulouse, and Montauban, hoping to return in time for our Yearly Meeting on the 20th of Fifth mo. Our congregations vary exceedingly; we have sometimes the great of this world, and sometimes the lowly. The little flock at Saumer was extremely primitive, reminding us of the simple-hearted Friends at Congenies. They met in our hotel, and after Josiah Forster had explained the object of our mission there was a profound silence, which was presently broken by a neat-looking woman in a peasant's costume exclaiming with some earnestness, though

strangers into a large town, looking so differently clad from all about us, I have more than once thought of the words of the men who went to search the land of Canaan: "We were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight." I often long to be quietly settled in our dear-loved home again; indeed, I only came out this time as care-taker to my husband, not feeling any particular concern of my own, which I could not say last year. But wherever we are, may the language of our lives and conversation be like that of Moses formerly (Numbers i.): "We are journeying into the place of which the Lord said, I will give it to you; come thou with us."

E. P. G. to J. K. Clarke.

MONTAUBAN, Fifth mo. 4th, 1844.

We spent a few days at Toulouse last week, and were much pleased with the Courtois, three brothers who live under the same roof, and with their wives appear to be of one heart and one mind,—decidedly religious people, and very desirous to promote the good cause by every means in their power. Dear Stephen Grellet will know them, and it will be interesting to him to find that we are now in the midst of his relations, having seen his venerable sister this morning, and now his brother Joseph and wife, who

our hearts, as a true, simple-minded Quaker after all.

E. P. G. to J. K. Clarke.

Sixth mo. 29th, 1844.

. . . Our visit to the Channel Islands was very satisfactory, and having spent three weeks between Guernsey and Jersey, holding fourteen public meetings, and visiting the members of our own society, who are not numerous, we returned to Upton on Second day last, and reached Norwich just in time for our own Quarterly Meeting. We had about an hour to revel in the flowery loveliness of our own sweet home before the Select Meeting began, and never did two little children enjoy anything more. After a long drought of nearly three months (an unheard-of thing for England), there had been a delightful rain the day before, and just as we reached the park gate the sun shone out most brilliantly, gilding the trees, the river, and the lawn, and making the whole a perfect fairy-scene. For the first time I felt it would be a true cross for me to leave Earlham, this most indulgent and happy home. It has always appeared to me such a responsible thing to be placed at the head of such a large establishment, that I have been almost inclined to wish we might be obliged to leave it; but now I felt it would be a real trial to tear myself from a spot in itself so

full of charm, and now endeared to my heart by numberless associations. Still, if it is too luxurious and too indulgent, I trust we may be enabled to see it; for I believe it is the sincere and unfeigned desire of both our hearts to be found in the bounds of Divine appointment, wherever these may be, and whatever sacrifice it may involve as to personal comfort.

E. P. G. to M. A. Williams.

EARLHAM, Ninth mo. 13th, 1844.

. . . Oh, when we come to stand before the righteous tribunal of the Judge of all the earth, not only shall we have to give an account of the deeds done in the body, but we shall be solemnly responsible for time mis-spent, for wasted talents, for neglected opportunities, for the non-fulfilment of all the various relationships that have contributed to form our stewardship and swell the list of duties to be done. Sins of omission will rise up in terrible array against us unless we look well to it, and we shall have most mournfully to realize the poet's words,—

“How shocking must thy summons be, O Death,
To him who is at ease in his possessions;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is all unfurnished for the world to come!”

J. J. and E. P. Gurney visited the north of England, the lake country, etc., in the latter part of 1844, with a minute from their Monthly Meeting for religious service among Friends and others. Nothing of special importance seems to have occurred during the following two years to interrupt the quiet and peaceful current of E. P. G.'s life.

E. P. G. to M. A. Longstreth.

EARLHAM, Ninth mo. 4th, 1844.

I must tell thee what a very interesting journey we have had through the charming lake scenery of Westmoreland, Cumberland, etc., though two meetings a day, beside divers calls, have not left much time to admire it, or rather, I should say, to explore it,—admire it we have at every turn, Keswick and Ulleswater and Windermere perhaps especially. We called on William Wordsworth when at Ambleside, but I was rather disappointed in him. He gave us a most kind reception, but there is none of that simplicity about the man which so distinguishes his poetry, and he has not an interesting countenance. We also saw Fox How, with which, by name at least, you are no doubt familiar. It is a most charming spot.

and exercise of mind, my dearest E. P. G. approving. She is indeed a capital guide, and I seldom, if ever, do wrong or foolishly when I have her full accord." . . . "What a blessing our union is to me no words can describe; and I take it not only as good in itself, but as a token for good, even those richer, higher, and larger blessings which immediately affect the soul's salvation! I know not what I should do without my ever-cheering friend and helper, the daily partner of my passing hours, whose finger is ever skilful to extract each worrying thorn. What thanks can I render for such a gift?"

Ninth mo., 1845.—"It is a very great comfort that during the whole of this journey (to the north of England), in private and in public, we have been closely united in our exercise of mind and in our ministry. My dearest E. P. G. has often had to prepare my way, and to point out its true direction in the gallery. And her own ministry has been lively, weighty, searching, and yet encouraging; truly prized by her husband and partner, and acceptable to Friends. Never was I more sensible of the nice adaptation to my needs, and of the unutterable value of this precious gift from the Lord."

more. A short time since I promised every child who could repeat a poem per we might happen to look in again. If the whole school learned it, as I quite expect about a week ago I took seventy-seven books were distributed among them, I hope to some of some. I do not know whether I told on First day evening the cottagers always at the hall to our family reading, having the habit of doing so for thirty years or more. The day, after our return from the funeral of my sister Fry, my husband informed them that the time we met he would have one of her books for every one who came, as a tribute of her. We had a pretty large parlour on First day of course, and he distributed books accordingly, bestowing a few that were those who had children at home too young for the reading. One undergardener, however a large family, had one little boy about

nothing about it until about a week afterward, when we were informed the little fellow was dead. We went directly down to their pretty little cottage, and the poor afflicted mother gave us the affecting particulars, first taking us into the room to see the remains. The pretty little curly-haired boy was neatly laid out in clean white linen, and on his breast, to our surprise, we saw a little red-morocco text-book. She thus explained the reason for its being there: "Please, ma'am, when we came back from the hall on Sunday evening my little boy was so distressed because there was no text-book for him; for you know, ma'am, I thought they would be of more use to the older children. But he seemed so troubled about it all the next morning that, as I knew my master had given the butler some to distribute, I took the liberty to send him up to the hall to ask if he might have one. You never saw anything so delighted as he was when he brought it home, dancing about for joy. He would not put it out of his hands for a moment, and one of the first things he did was to search out a text which he had learned at school, and when he found it he read it over and over again: 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' This was on the Monday, ma'am, and on Thursday morning he was a corpse. Poor little

dear! he never let go of the book for a moment, even when he was in great pain, and I determined it should be buried with him, for I could not bear to have it taken away." Here the poor woman wiped the tears from her eyes, which flowed freely; but she seemed to be greatly comforted by the beautiful text which appeared so remarkably sent to her dear little boy. I thought thou would be interested in this little story.

others it were idle to attempt to depict her feeling of utter desolation, as regards all earthly things.

“ With silence only as their benediction,
God’s angels come
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb.”

Yet her habitual dependence on a higher Power in times of extremity soon came to her aid, and she was strengthened to wash and anoint, that she might not appear to men unduly to fast, but to manifest that the Everlasting Arms were underneath to sustain and comfort; and although her “sorrow was stirred” to its depths, it was not long that she “held her peace, even from good.” She felt that there were others whose loss was scarcely less than her own, that the whole neighborhood and the church were mourners with her, and that it was her duty not only to show forth the sustaining power of Divine grace, but to see that this solemn lesson should not fail of its designed effect through any neglect of hers to impress it upon those around her. Her public ministry, chastened and sanctified by suffering, was faithfully maintained; the evening gatherings of her large household, increased by many sorrowing neighbors, were regularly kept up;

him, in His tender pity, from an immediate view of the dark valley, which he had always rather shrunk from entering, and gilding his approach to it with sunny gleams. Life has been remarkably bright and pleasant to him of late, and his health unusually good, enabling him to labor for the welfare of his fellow-beings with increased activity. But the fall from his horse, which I mentioned to thee, together with exposure to the cold, and possibly some other minor causes, combined to excite the system and bring on the attack which gently let him down to the bed of death. I have long had a kind of undefined impression that his end was not far off, and now "that which I feared is come upon me."

Last evening, about ten o'clock, without the least convulsive movement or the slightest groan, he fell asleep in Jesus, that blessed Saviour whom he loved and served so long and faithfully. I have not yet met the solemn fact that I am left alone; that after five years' constant sweet companionship I am deprived of one who was perhaps too much the joy of my heart and the delight of my eyes, whose Christian example was bright,—may I not say faultless? I think I may to thee, because thou knew him well, and will not therefore set it down to undue partiality. The full sense of this desolating change is yet to come; so far I have been marvellously sus-

heirs together of the grace of life; that her tender watchfulness had guarded him from so much that might have hurt his tender spirit or injured his delicate frame! And such was her love and devotedness to him that we, as a family, were most thankful to give him up to her. And now, during the last solemn week of his life, how could we be thankful enough for her soothing, judicious care of him by night and by day, watching over him with intense solicitude, ministering with her own hands every alleviation that human heart or love could devise, thus cheering him on unto the end, that it might be called a favored illness! A soft mantle seemed cast over him, hiding from him the dark valley, and shielding him from the sorrow of parting with his beloved.

E. P. G. to G. V. Bacon.

EARLHAM, First mo. 18th, 1847.

He has taken away "the delight of my eyes" and "the joy of my heart" as with a stroke, and brought a deepening shade of gloom and loneliness over this once bright home, yet He is faithful to His promises, He has not left me comfortless; He has sustained my drooping spirits by the sweet incomes of His love and peace; He has filled my now solitary dwelling-place with very tender, sympathizing friends, and has enabled me to feel and to acknowledge that

perience that Divine love is still near thee, and that peace prevails through and over all. I much feel entering again into my usual occupations and facing the world and its interests. It will be a privilege indeed if I am increasingly able to keep these things under my feet ; but my position is a peculiar one. I must more and more endeavor after that spirit under these things, of which the dear departed one set so bright an example.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

EARLHAM, Second mo. 17th, 1847.

For my own part, I am helped to get through each day without being overwhelmed, though now and then the sense of loss and want pours in like a flood, and were it not that there is a voice mightier than the noise of many waters, the stream would indeed "have gone over my soul." But this Almighty voice has again and again proclaimed a calm, and even enabled me for a little moment to rejoice in a blessed sense of his deliverance from all adversity, and of his cloudless happiness, his perfect joy. We have interesting letters from Stephen Grellet, my sister Julia, and others, but they are utterly unconscious of what is passing and has passed amongst us. My mention of his having been indisposed has caused them some anxiety, and they were longing

and sanctified ones? This strong additional attraction of thy soul to the heavenly places seems to me designed to give unto thee, like the portion that Elisha had desired of Elijah, "a double portion of his spirit."

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

Third mo. 1st, 1847.

In the last few days I have felt something of the healing virtue of the Saviour's love, and of the mighty efficacy of His word when it proclaims a calm; a little courage has been given to go on, a little trust that I shall yet be helped to bear life patiently, and to encounter all its roughnesses with some degree of Christian fortitude, and, above all, that I shall be enabled to fulfil my stewardship, perform my various duties faithfully, and wait the appointed time until my change shall come. But the future is entirely concealed at present, nor do I try at all to penetrate into its hidden pages. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

If I am mercifully permitted to keep under the shelter of my own dear home for the present year at least, I shall esteem it another proof of the tender, loving kindness of a pitying Father, who "knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust."

I am glad thou wast interested in the American letters. They were very touching to me, and after I

two at a time. They shared every object together, small and great, and he would never do the least thing, if he could help it, without consulting her. Thou knows that amidst all his happiness he had often much to pass through. In every difficulty he reposed on my mother, so that her constant attention to him was needed; and I have often thought, while watching him when poorly in body and low in mind, that nothing could be more beautiful than to see how she cheered and animated him, and how he returned her care by the fondest and most dependent love. It almost seemed as if such a tie could not be broken. Thou can easily imagine how the remembrance of all this endears my dearest mother to us; how thankful it makes us that it was permitted to this precious one to have his last years so brightened by such a wife,—as he says himself, “a helper exactly adapted to all my necessities,” constantly speaking of her with the deepest thankfulness in his journals.

Ann F. Barclay to J. K. Clarke.

Fourth mo. 24th, 1847.

. . . I hope that the wish to give thee any little particulars I can of dearest Cousin Eliza will gain acceptance for my letter. What she is to all of us, who for the last five years have been delighting in

with the sense of his loss. In the deportment of all the people there is a sort of respectful sympathy that is very interesting, and it is one among the minor soothing things for her to be surrounded by such a feeling.

E. P. G. to Ann F. Barclay.

EARLHAM, Fourth mo. 29th, 1847.

. . . I did truly feel parting from thee yesterday, and, as is often the case when one is suffering from any particular cause, several *minor* troubles rose up to disturb me, so that I came back to my stripped home low enough, and did not recover my equanimity for some hours. Truly could I adopt the words of which that most beloved one was so fond,—

“I seem forsaken and alone,
I hear the lion roar,
And every door is shut but one,
And that is Mercy’s door.”

This morning, under some feeling of a revival of faith and renewal of comfort, I think I can add the concluding lines,—

“There, till the dear Deliverer comes,
I’ll wait with humble prayer;
And when He calls His exile home,
The Lord shall find me there.”



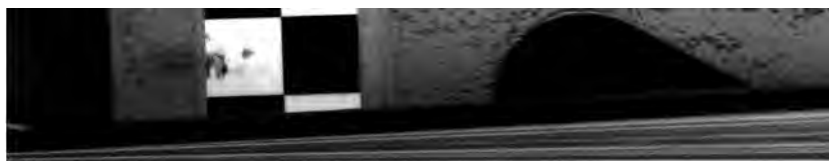
a word was spoken, we have been united in living worship, for I could not help catching something of the glow and exercise of his dedicated soul. Yet there are seasons wherein the Heavenly Shepherd does still respect His weary heritage; and, though the plaintive language may go forth, "The prophets are gone, and the fathers, where are they?" we are given to feel "the Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge." . . . I do desire to cherish a feeling of gratitude to the bounteous Giver for the bestowal of such a choice and precious gift on one of the most unworthy of the Lord's children for the five years and three months in which my cup of blessing overflowed,—in which, I believe I enjoyed a larger share of unmixed earthly happiness than often falls to the lot of any one. Then the beautiful finish to his work of faith and labor of love, the complete and perfect winding up of life, the tranquil, peaceful, and unclouded close! There seemed, indeed, to be nothing in the way,—nothing to intercept the entrance of the pure and gentle spirit into its own congenial home of love and joy. What more could I ask? For myself, I may and do desire a grateful, humble, dedicated heart, even that a portion of his spirit may descend upon me.

is the weight of glory which they are working out for those who love Jerusalem and love her King above their chiefest joy! I trust this is the case with us both, dearest mamma; indeed, I am sure it is with thee, and I hope it is so with thy poor friend, weak and unprofitable and laden with infirmities as she feels herself to be.

Samuel Bettle to E. P. G.

PHILADELPHIA.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—Thy very beautiful token of our long, and to me very precious, friendship has been gratefully received. "As the new wine is found in the cluster, and one saith, Destroy it not for a blessing is in it," so we can appreciate the privilege of a new-made friendship, with its "blessing in the cluster;" but as years roll on, how fully do we realize, as many of our old friends are taken away sometimes from the evil to come, the value of those that remain, even as it is written, "No man, having drunk old wine, straightway desireth new, for he saith, the old is better." Oh, my dear friend, how does the memory of one so dear to thee come up in remembrances of the past and passing years, like "precious ointment poured forth"! And now most sweetly am I reminded, in reference to him and his labors, and the seals to his ministry, that "they that



are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

Before the close of this eventful year another dark cloud seemed gathering over E. P. Gurney's pathway. Her lovely step-daughter, Anna Backhouse, had for some time shown symptoms of pulmonary disease, which did not yield to ordinary treatment, and occasioned much anxiety to her friends. It was finally thought best to try a change of climate, and in the Ninth mo., accompanied by her husband and children, she left England for the south of France. To this movement allusion is made in the following.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

EARLHAM, Eighth mo. 17th, 1847.

She (A. B.) speaks of being brought into a strait place; and, curious enough, when I picked up my Bible for my regular morning reading, I opened on the verse, "And David said, I am in a great strait." It immediately occurred to me we could not do better than utter the petition which follows: "Let me fall now into the hands of the Lord, for very great are His mercies, but let me not fall into the hands of man." If we commit ourselves wholly into the Lord's hand, we are sure that when the afflictive

dispensation has served its purpose He will say, "It is enough," and we shall not have one more pang than is absolutely needful for us; but if we fall into the hands of man (be he physician or be he not), we never can be sure that the trial in every way may not be greatly aggravated, and in the end those be made sorrowful whom the Lord would not have made sorrowful. I own this is my greatest fear in consulting the London doctors, who we are sure will advise their going abroad, and we are also sure that if they do so advise, they will go. And if this is in right ordering it will all be well, and we may see this dear child return much improved in the spring. But, on the other hand, if the M.D.'s happen to advise wrong, and instead of getting better she should grow rapidly worse, what a thing it would be for John to have the whole charge of her and the children in that far-off land! And who is at liberty to go to them?

I own I do feel it a very serious step, and one that requires to be looked at all round, though I dare not discourage it, and can only earnestly desire that we may fall into the hands of the Lord, and that He will graciously condescend to direct all our steps. Thus may we "dwell in the secret place of the Most High, and abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

Last Fifth day, at our Monthly Meeting, when I was constrained out of the depths to pour forth my supplications, dear William Forster, to my great encouragement, took up what I had said, and spoke beautifully upon it. His sermons have been really helpful lately, and being faithful always puts him in a nice mind, so that we have quite enjoyed his company.


Ann F. Barclay to E. P. G.

Ninth mo. 17th, 1847.

. . . I desire that thou mayst find the power to cast thy past and present griefs and thy unknown future into His hands whom winds and seas obey. Dost thou remember the lines,—

“Through waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way.
Wait thou His time: thy darkest night
Shall end in brightest day”?

This seems the only true view that can be taken of the deep trials and wasting sorrows that abound,—the view of faith,—and certainly the only one that brings comfort in the contemplation. Probably if we were not thus hemmed in, and all the natural brightness of this life shut out, we could more fully appreciate the gentleness of the Hand that leads us and the preciousness of the light of His countenance,



and understand how the blessing may be as great in withholding as in giving. But yet, my darling cousin, we may be feeling for each other while the course of this discipline is going on,—if not desiring that one another's trials may be lightened by being removed, yet lightened by the strength given to endure, the experience of which even now we can sometimes feel to be a better blessing. How much more in time to come shall we not rejoice together that, though pitied, we were not spared.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

EARLHAM, Ninth mo. 18th, 1847.

Thy sweet letter came in most seasonably, dearest mamma, just after our solemn reading yesterday morning, wherein I was constrained, on the bended knee, to return heartfelt thanksgivings that our most tenderly beloved one had been gathered, with a hand of infinite love and mercy, from the conflicts and trials of this changing scene, and earnestly to petition that, whatever might be in store for any of us, the work of Divine grace might go forward in our hearts until we were prepared for a blessed reunion, where there is no more separation, no more death. I could not ask for the life of our darling child; I could only desire that He who knows what is best for any of us would take us into His own safe care



and keeping, and finally perfect that which concerneth us to His own glory. I felt relieved, and able to enjoy thy sweet letter afterward, which I showed to Anna, who smiled as she pointed out the remarkable coincidence between thy train of thought and that which had just been before us. It evidently was a comfort to her. Dear child! her spirit is almost too heavenly to leave us much hope that she will linger in this sinful world a great while longer, so full of resignation and cheerful acquiescence to the Divine will. It is truly touching; and altogether this further stripping has afresh caused me to feel that "I am bereaved," that life will soon contain but very few to bind me to it.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

EARLHAM, Eleventh mo. 2d, 1847.

I never felt the same freedom and power in supplication before, and perhaps have not often had the same suffering to prepare for it. Dear J. H. felt it evidently, and he was so kind and affectionate afterward. Sweet and abundant was the peace that was permitted to flow into my heart the rest of the day, so that I could exclaim, with Wilberforce, "How good God is to us!" He has been far better to me than my fears,—from my youth up, I may truly say, —and yet I go on faithlessly.

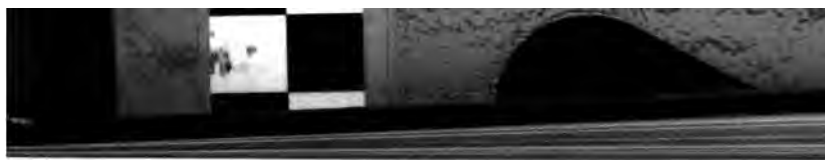
E. P. G. to H. C. B.

Eleventh mo. 18th, 1847.

. . . After a while we settled in and had a very comfortable, interesting time together. Then Chenda and myself took a long walk upon the light-house hills, which thoroughly refreshed me. The air was so delightful, and sweet and pleasant was the thought of those "still waters and green pastures," on and beside which some tenderly beloved ones are now reposing in joy unspeakable and full of glory.

The journey, undertaken with such cheering anticipations, was destined soon to end in deep sadness. The usual alternations of hope and fear attended as the dear invalid's condition varied from day to day, yet her weakness evidently increased. A political disturbance in Italy made it necessary for the party to take refuge on board the English man-of-war steamer "Bulldog," then lying in the harbor of Palermo; and on her deck, on the 17th of First mo., 1848, Anna Backhouse breathed her last.

"How sad that thus her course should end,
With War's terrific thunders nigh!
A battle-ship its shelter lend,



ELIZA P. GURNEY.

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Warriors her dying couch befriend,
Mourners unknown her bier attend,—
'Twas 'a strange place to die!' '*

The following letters give some indication of the deep sorrow which this mysterious Providence occasioned :

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

EARLHAM, Second mo. 2d, 1848.

. . . Oh, how sweet and heart-cheering it is to look above the gloom and sadness of the grave, to contemplate the joys of that reunion, the fulness of that song of praise which I could almost fancy I hear in the deep stillness of this dear stripped home! "When shall I wake and find me there?" How wonderfully all my ties to earth are loosening Surely I shall not be left in this wilderness alone!

. . . Her end was perfect peace, on board the vessel off Palermo. She had been very nicely the day before, but going on deck to inquire after Mary Ann, who had been uncomfortable in another vessel, she complained of shortness of breath, asked to be laid on the deck, said she was very comfortable, thought it was a strange place to die in, kissed dear little Johnny and told him to be a good boy and

* Her own expression.

he would go to heaven, said she was going to Jesus and to her dearest father, and quietly and sweetly breathed her last. How like her life has her death been! Dearest John says never was there a spirit more meet for heaven, and this would be the testimony of every one who knew her well.

**William Forster to E. P. G., on the death of
Anna Backhouse.**

Second mo. 3d, 1848.

. . . I know we ought to rejoice and give thanks that our dear Anna is safely gathered to her heavenly rest, but still we cannot but feel what we have lost. It may not be for our comfort to dwell too much upon the time and place and circumstances under which she was led through the dark valley, but rather to cherish all confidence that her Lord was with her, that His blessing rested upon her, that His eye was over her, that He cared for her, that He ministered to her abundantly, according to what He knew to be her need, and that she—blessed be His name!—knew that He had prepared a mansion for her in His Father's house. What more ought we, could we, ask or desire?

Surely we are bound more than ever to confess to the wisdom and love of our tender and merciful Father in Heaven that He took dearest Joseph to

Himself before all this came upon us. Certainly it was at an hour appointed of God, and chosen in His love.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

EARLHAM, Second mo. 9th, 1848.

I told William that I should read the letter from Palermo to the servants and villagers in the evening, with a few observations I had made upon it, and when we went into the anteroom, to my surprise, I found it filled,—between fifty and sixty persons present. Nothing could exceed their profound attention, and the feeling they manifested almost prevented my getting on. But I was enabled to finish it, and a most interesting and solemn time we had.

E. P. G. to — —.

EARLHAM (no date).

MY BELOVED FRIEND,—Thy kind, sympathizing letter was duly received, and very acceptable, but I do not feel as if I could write much to any one. "By terrible things in righteousness" the Lord seems indeed to have been answering our prayers that He would make us wholly His own; and very solemn has been the conviction which this added sorrow has sealed on my own mind that there will soon be but little left to divert my attention from heaven and heavenly things, while the attraction thitherward is

continually strengthening. A more affectionate, dutiful, loving, and sympathizing daughter no own mother could, I think, have possessed, and the loss is great in proportion. I believe I may truly say not a single cloud intercepted the closeness of our union from its commencement to its close; and we have kept up a regular correspondence, whenever we have been separated, for the last seven years. Some of her letters from the Continent have been peculiarly sweet, and manifest a ripeness for the heavenly inheritance very surprising in so young a person.

S. Grellet to E. P. G.

Third mo. 8th, 1848.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,—Through the kind attention of thy dear sister Clarke we have received this morning the very affecting and mournful intelligence of the sore bereavement thou hast so soon again to witness by the decease of thy so tenderly beloved daughter, Anna Backhouse. We are sensible what a rending of heart this is to thee, and to many other of her nearly attached relatives, with whom we mingle in near sympathy. It seems as if thou hadst now to drink again of the full cup of bitterness that was by Him, whose ways and dispensations are all in wisdom and in mercy, prepared for thee very little more than twelve months before. I doubt not, be-



loved friend, but that the same Almighty arm that was then so eminently and graciously extended for thy support and consolation is now also felt by thee to be very near, and that thou canst with faith and assurance draw on the present occasion comfort and consolation out of the same stream thou didst so bountifully before. Amidst deep mourning there is, methinks, the springing up of great joy. Father and daughter were very closely united in their lives ; they are now also after death. I thought her a very lovely plant. She loved the Saviour, and He loves His own unto the end. Dear Eliza, in Divine mercy, may we not contemplate thy steps to have been directed to England, not to contract ties to attach thee to this life through great and sweet enjoyments, but to form ties that draw thy spirit strongly heavenward, where the rich treasures are gathering, whereto thy heart also is often lifted up? Yet a little while, my dear sister, and, through the tender mercies of the dear Redeemer, thou wilt be permitted to join the purified spirits in keeping the solemn feast of ingathering.

In the Sixth mo., 1848, E. P. Gurney was gratified by the arrival of her sister, Julia K. Clarke, from America, for an extended visit, which was truly cheering and comforting to her.

The large establishment at Earlham, with its heavy cares and responsibilities, had now become a burden from which E. P. Gurney felt that she should be relieved. The tie that had held her there was broken, the charm dispelled.

“ . . . The radiance was not dim
That used to gild his favorite hill;
The pleasures that were dear to him
Were dear to life and nature still.
The life was gone, the breath had fled,
And what had been no more could be;
The well-known form, the welcome tread,—
Oh, where were they, and where was he?”

Yet the elegant home, which taste and skill had so long labored to beautify and adorn, could not be left without awakening deep and mingled feelings in all who had shared in its enjoyments. Well might Catharine Gurney write to E. P. G.: . . . “I don’t like to think of the future as it regards Earlham, and can only trust it will be ordered aright for all of us. How I do feel the force of those words, ‘I have seen an end of all perfection;’ but we must not omit as the contrast, ‘Thy commandment is exceeding broad.’ Nothing ever made us feel this so powerfully as the event of last year. Such a rooting up of earthly dependence!”

E. P. G.'s plans were thus foreshadowed in a letter to her cousin and sister-in-law, S. A. Bacon, with whom she at one time had a most happy home :

EARLHAM, 1848.

. . . I do not yet see my way clearly to anything, but I think the probability is I shall remain at Earlham until the Sixth mo., and then remove to the Grove, the dear old residence of Joseph Gurney, the father of Hannah C. Backhouse. It is a sweet spot, only three miles from Earlham, and I have some deeply interesting associations with it, so that if I leave Earlham I shall prefer going there ; but I wish to be directed in every step. It would be a wrench indeed to tear myself away from this loved spot, but if it is in right ordering it will all be made easy.

At present peace rests in a remarkable manner on my tarriance here.

Amelia Opie to E. P. G.

Sixth mo. 23d, 1848.

. . . Thou art often in my thoughts, and hast been often on my tongue this evening, for it is pleasant to talk of those we love and honor with those who appreciate them as we ourselves do. The near approach now of my return to my new home is truly welcome to me. I have a strong conviction on my

mind that I shall never probably see London again. I do not say this despondingly, but cheerfully, as I trust that my new home will appear to me a comfortable one for my declining age, and a quiet place to die in. When a nun takes the veil, she puts on for the last time all the jewelled fineries and splendid apparel she used to be pleased to wear, and then she takes them off forever, and exchanges them for a more simple robe becoming her altered feelings. I compare my own present brilliant career here this year in many pleasant scenes, with welcoming and loving and distinguished friends around me, to the different scene which awaits me in my humble home and my more bounded circle; where, forsaking probably forever my London scenes, I shall, I humbly hope, be happy to remain till this mortal shall put on immortality. It is time it should be so. It will not, however, be so easy for me to give up Yearly Meeting. My recollections of that time are full of thee, dearest Eliza, and I remember with heartfelt pleasure thy interesting and touching and modest bearing in the meetings at which I saw thee, and I felt it a privilege to be always so near thee.

E. P. G.'s removal to the Grove took place in the Seventh mo., 1848.



E. P. G. to H. C. B.

GROVE, Ninth mo. 3d, 1848.

I took my last farewell of the grounds with my sister, who was deeply feeling the whole thing. So far I had not shed a single tear, though my heart was heavy as lead; but when, on our return to the house, I saw William Forster standing at the hall door, looking unutterably sad, I felt I could stout it out no longer, and completely broke down, which was a real relief to me, and made the actual drive-off much easier. Still, it was sad enough to turn my back forever on that cherished home, the birth- and burying-place of one far dearer to me than my own existence, even when that existence was much brighter than it can ever be again. Our drive was one of almost unbroken silence, but as soon as I reached this dear spot a gleam of comfort shot across my heart, accompanied with the conviction that it would indeed be a peaceable habitation and a quiet resting-place.

A wakeful night was my portion, but not entirely sleepless, and far from being altogether a painful one, though it was strange and bewildering to feel myself really in a new home, to know the event I had so long looked forward to with dread has actually taken place, and that the dwelling I had entered

with feelings of cloudless happiness not quite seven years ago was closed on me forever. But it is all in right ordering, and I must now leave the things that are behind and endeavor to press forward toward the mark. Oh, if I may but attain to it at last and win the prize!

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

GROVE, Fifth mo. 3d, 1849.

My aunt Paul, my sister Shoemaker, and some other of my relatives in Philadelphia are rather concerned about my health, having probably heard exaggerated accounts of it, and they urge my returning to America this summer with J. A. and Harriet, thinking my native air may do me good. I am, however, much better since our return from Dover, and do not see my way across the water at present. I may, nevertheless, tell thee, dearest mamma, that I have seen more light on revisiting my native land in the last few weeks than ever before, and I should not be surprised if another summer (not this) found me in Philadelphia. But I have no anxiety about it, and only desire to leave it in the hands of the great Disposer of events, who, I am well assured, will order all things wisely, and cause them to promote our highest good. I think I cannot yet spare Harriet. J. A. still talks of returning

after the Yearly Meeting, but some of the family have been persuading her that she cannot leave me, and indeed I should miss her very much,—her influence is so cheering in the house.

The near approach of this annual gathering looks somewhat fearful, and one almost shrinks from encountering it. How altered it is in its character since I first knew it! so many gone and going. But what a blessed company of tenderly beloved ones is gathered and still gathering to the general assembly and church of the first born whose names are written in heaven! How many dear ones have returned to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads! May we be enabled, in some small measure, to unite in their praises and rejoice with their joy!

Her sister, J. K. Clarke, returned to America in the summer of 1849. E. P. Gurney thus writes to her Eighth mo. 31st:

It seems strange indeed to address thee with pen and ink, and I can scarcely believe thou art actually gone for good. Yet there is such a stamp of right upon the step, and that peace which passeth all understanding so remarkably rests upon it, I cannot have any misgivings. But perhaps we may all meet in America some day, as I quite look forward

to visiting my native land in the course of another year, and this makes it easier to part with thee, my beloved sister. Truly, thy visit was well timed. Thou hast secured many warm and attached friends, and wilt read our letters with increased zest, having a perfect knowledge of people and things ; so that in every way the gain of thy having come has been great. Indeed, I do not know how I should have summoned courage to break away from all the fond associations of my dear Earham home if it had not been for thy cheering influence. I have often thought that thou wast sent, in very tender mercy, to take me from the sorrows of the recent overwhelming past, back to the happy days of early childhood, turning the current of my thoughts into a healthier channel, and giving me a hold on life again.

Edward Pease to E. P. G.

Eleventh mo. 14th, 1849.

. . . Thy expression that my last had tended to cheer thee gives me a little courage, and bids me to say, dear Eliza, that thy most welcome, beautifully-filled sheet did deeply interest and comfort me. We are, I humbly trust, of that company of whom a book of remembrance was written, and, precious addition, "They shall be mine." Sometimes the love of Christ is so shed over us that, reverently, we

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

GROVE, Eleventh mo., 1849.

Cousin Anna Gurney dined with us yesterday very agreeably, and I invited Lucy Aggs, Amelia Opie, and Anna Forster and her sister to meet her, which answered nicely. She came at three o'clock, on purpose that we might have a nice private chat together before the others arrived, and most sweet and affectionate she was. What a treat it is, in this little minny-minded world, to meet with a large-souled, generous, noble creature of whom you can approve entirely! Just such is Cousin Anna. I never was more deeply impressed with the greatness of her character than during our intimate conversation yesterday. What a splendid Friend and minister she would have made, notwithstanding her lameness! Indeed, I think her very helplessness would have added to the effect, giving an emphasis of interest to the whole. But, alas! not many rich, not many mighty, not many noble seem to stumble into our path, or rather, perhaps I should say, seem willing to be led into it.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

GROVE.

. . . I then took them to Anderson Reid's and to the jail, to both of which places R. Sturges has

rather a concern to go. The whole weight of the service, however, fell upon me, most unexpectedly, and she said she believed she had gone on my account. I was much interested in two young women (one of them only eighteen) who are to be transported. They were exceedingly affected when I addressed them, and listened with great interest to a tract we read to them. In parting I simply said, "Farewell! I hope I may meet you next where there is no more sin and no more death; but, remember, as death leaves us judgment will find us," and the poor creatures put up their aprons to their faces and sobbed aloud. I do not know when I have had such a sense of the awfulness of sin or of the exceeding greatness of redeeming love through Jesus Christ our Lord. We afterward visited a debtor, whose heart was as hard as a stone, a fine lady-like-looking person, but very high, and justifying herself in the strongest terms. She was brought down, however, in degree by being reminded that, though man may judge wrongfully, there is One that searcheth the heart, who will render unto each of us according to our works. "Whither shall I flee from Thy spirit?" R. Sturges also said a few words to her, and I hope her heart was touched, as she received our tracts with thanks; but she was not in the tender state that those poor creatures were by any means.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

GROVE, First mo. 15th, 1850.

Some part of every day since Sixth day last has been devoted to poor old Sarah Racey's dying bed. It was really quite striking to see any one so calm and self-possessed at such a moment, for she is evidently passing through the dark valley, and is entirely sensible of it. We had quite a smiling time over the blessedness of putting off mortality, with all its sorrows, sufferings, and tribulations, and being clothed upon with immortality, its light and joy and peace and happiness. She echoed all I said about it, clasping her hands and looking really pleased, as if she were about to take a pleasant journey and liked to hear of the accommodations at the end of it. I could not understand myself to be so utterly unmoved by such a scene,—death used to seem so awful to me. Has my heart grown colder, or is it that we learn to form a truer estimate of things as life goes on? Instead of being the end of pleasure and enjoyment, as we are apt to consider it in early life, we learn to think of it as the termination of sorrow and suffering, and the commencement of true happiness. She broke forth into praises and thanksgiving just before I left her, very touchingly exclaiming, with a voice broken by the great oppres-

sion on her breathing, "Oh, yes, my Saviour is most merciful. He does not willingly afflict me. Blessed forever be His worthy name!"

From E. P. G.'s Journal.

Grove, First mo. 21st, 1850.—Oh, were it not that we are graciously permitted and invited to come with our emptiness to the fulness which is in Christ,—aye, and with the burthen of our guilt and transgression,—to the atoning fountain of the everlasting covenant, what would become of any one of us? Help, Lord, or we perish forever!

There is something very sad, almost humiliating to me, in the idea of time blunting our feelings, so that we do not feel the same acute sorrow for the loss of those we so tenderly loved as we did in the early days of our bereavement, while suffering under the immediate pressure of the stroke, and while the wound is bleeding freshly from the sudden rending of the cherished tie. Yet surely this is in the merciful ordering of Him whose name is Love.

"Sunk in self-consuming anguish,
Can the poor heart always ache?
No! the tortured nerve will languish,
Or the strings of life must break."

I have often been reminded latterly of these beautiful lines of Montgomery and have felt their truth; yet surely I have no cause to quarrel with my own heart for not being faithful to its sorrows, if I may so speak. They seem to be engraven upon it with an iron pen, and I believe death alone will ever obliterate them.

How often, under a humbling sense of my own poverty and nothingness, have I been led to put up the petition of the royal Psalmist, "O God, Thou knowest my foolishness, and my sins are not hidden from Thee. Let not those that wait on Thee be ashamed for my sake; let not those that seek Thee be confounded for my sake, Lord God of Israel." And I believe in this instance He was pleased to hear my prayer.

J. C. B. lent us the "Life of Goldsmith," by Washington Irving, and I commenced reading it to H. C. B., as she liked, beside the Bible, to have some book on hand, and this we thought might serve to entertain her. But we soon found that it was anything but satisfactory, and were glad to substitute the "Life of Rebecca Jones," in which she became deeply interested. She did not, however, like to give up "Goldsmith" entirely, and we continued to

read a very small portion every day until we finished the volume. The account of his last days evidently affected her, and I shall not soon, I believe, forget either the serious expression of her countenance or the emphatic manner with which she repeated his last words, "I feel uneasy!" "Oh," she said, "what a life and what a death! That word 'uneasy,' what does it convey? Not only the suffering of the body, but a mind ill at ease at such an hour!" I do not remember hearing her speak with so much energy on any occasion, and again and again she remarked, "What an unsatisfactory life was that poor man's!" It seemed like trying it in the balance of the sanctuary on the verge of eternity, and when the life of pleasure was so tried it was indeed found sorrowfully wanting. In the unpretending history of the labors and sacrifices of Rebecca Jones her spirit seemed always to find both refreshment and repose.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

GROVE, Second mo. 11th, 1850.

Chenda thinks my sister, Catherine Gurney, is very much coming round about my going to America, and that they are all resolved to look on the bright side and regard it only as a temporary separation, fully expecting to see me again next year, if life is granted. Thou must follow their example, should

it really seem best for me to go. But at present "my eyes are holden" and my faith a little tried, the time for decision seems drawing so near, and there are so many arrangements that will have to be made about house and servants and horses and everything. Yet I do trust I may be preserved from any undue anxiety, which has so far been remarkably the case; and a little faith is given me that light will arise from obscurity, and my darkness become as the noonday. Thou wilt not be surprised, however, that I feel the responsibility of the whole thing; and then I am so wonderfully left to my own devices as regards any human aid. Certainly it would not always be a comfort to me to believe that those tenderly beloved ones who are taken from us are cognizant of what is passing in their earthly homes. I should be quite beset with the notion that some of my hours of untold loneliness would cause disquiet and discomfort even there. One scarcely knows what to wish about it, for, oh! the anguish which those words have given me: "His breath goeth forth; he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish." "Also their love and their hatred is now perished, neither have they any more a portion in anything that is done under the sun." Oh, how these things have saddened my solitary heart! But there is one thing I will believe



in, and that is recognition in a future state. What it would be to be welcomed into those joys which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, by some of those redeemed ones whom we have dearly loved! I have quite enjoyed "Dr. Gordon's Life," which I got on thy recommendation. His thoughts of death and heaven were so delightful. Surely, if we lived nearer to the Source of light, we should have more frequent glimpses of the better land. The apostle says, "Ye are come unto Mount Zion, and to the city of the living God, the New Jerusalem, to an innumerable company of angels, and to the spirits of just men made perfect." Then why should we not hold communion with them and realize their joy and blessedness? Why should we not, like Stephen, see the heavens opened, and Jesus standing on the right hand of the throne of God? Is it not because we do not walk in the Spirit as Stephen did?

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

GROVE, Third mo. 3d, 1850.

I begin to long to see thee, dearest mamma, and the thought of it in meeting this afternoon was accompanied with a feeling of true sweetness, and an earnest desire that we might know yet more of a living spiritual union; so that, whether we are permitted to spend many of our remaining days to-

gether, or whether the broad Atlantic shall roll between us, we may indeed be each other's joy in the Lord. After a season of rather unusual lowness, in which I think I have known something of being "baptized into the cloud and into the sea," partly, perhaps, from being left so solitary, this has been a day of arising, wherein the new song has been put into my mouth, even praises unto our God. Indeed, so precious has been the sense of His love and power, that I thought, as I sat in profound quietness this afternoon, that if only a small portion of the peace which has filled my heart this day were graciously vouchsafed to me during the remainder of my pilgrimage, it would be of little consequence whether it was spent in England or America.

" Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
But if, O God ! Thou guid'st my way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay."

This, I believe, is the sincere breathing of my heart, so thou need not be afraid to trust me ; for thou knowest, as well as I do, that I can be no comfort to anybody out of my right allotment, and, setting aside all natural inclination and affectionate bias, I shall depend upon thy helping me to ascertain what my duty is.



Dear Susanna Corder is very much set against my leaving England, and says that, because I do not see clear light upon going, it is evident that it is not right for me to leave; but, on the other hand, I see less light upon remaining here. So what hath he to do "that walketh in darkness," but "trust in the Lord and stay upon his God"?

Then, with regard to what thou sayst about the Society troubles in America, I can truly say they do not at all disturb me, except to make me feel the desirableness of being rightly guided. It is my full intention to go knowing nothing, and "owing no man anything but to love one another."

"Why should we differ by the way?
Why should dissensions come?
We hope to spend an endless day
In one eternal home."

. . . And I have so enjoyed dear Edward Pease's account of thee, especially of thy "peaceful countenance and bright and acceptable communications" in meeting, of which he has often spoken. So pray go on in faith, and never mind a few wandering thoughts. I wonder if there ever was that being who was not troubled with them, since the days of him who said, "That which I would I do not." How sweet to remember Him who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities!"

On the 6th of Fifth mo., 1850, occurred the death of E. P. G.'s long-trying and honored friend, H. C. Backhouse,—a mother in Israel, loved and venerated alike for her works' sake, the charm of her society, and for her kindly and affectionate nature. Ever since their first association in America, the intimate relations then established between them had deepened and strengthened with their constant intercourse; and the maternal and filial regard mutually entertained, as years passed on, had grown into the closest Christian love and friendship, and the shock of parting was correspondingly severe. E. P. G.'s friends were abundant in their expressions of sympathy under this new trial.

Susanna Corder to E. P. Gurney.

Fifth mo. 7th, 1850.

. . . The sympathy which I feel with thee, dearest Eliza, cannot be expressed by me, but I feel assured thou wilt be strengthened and consoled by thy gracious Master, and that thou wilt be enabled to pursue the same path of perfect dedication which she so nobly and faithfully walked in, in which the dearest ties of nature never held her back from following her Lord, and from laboring in His glorious cause of truth. Neither death nor life, neither spirits nor powers, nor any other created thing, could



hinder her work of faith ; and now surely her mantle, which often has covered thee, is henceforth to rest upon thee continually, and He who hath specially chosen thee, designs to be perfectly thy all in all, to His praise and glory.

From E. P. G.'s Journal.

Elisha Bates and Nathan Hunt addressed us very strikingly soon after we were banded together in America, comparing our companionship to that of Elijah and Elisha, and predicting that if I were with her at the close her mantle would descend upon me. So, I suppose, as I was not with her, it is to descend upon dear Jane, who is far more worthy to receive it in every way. How often did her precious mother remind me of the prediction, saying she felt satisfied I would one day come to England, if only to fulfil it. Oh, if a little portion of her loving, dedicated spirit might but rest upon me !

Just as I was leaving her she drew me to her very affectionately, and said, with emphasis, " Farewell, my darling ! the God of Peace go with thee, bless thee, and prosper thee in all thy ways, and abundantly qualify thee for every work and service into which He may be pleased to call thee." So be it, saith my soul.

During a family gathering at Darlington, soon after the decease of H. C. Backhouse, E. P. Gurney was addressed in a striking manner by her friend and relative, John Hodgkin. The following outline of his remarks was taken down from memory :

During the time of our being thrown so interestingly together, my dear sister-cousin, on an occasion very solemn to us both, my spirit has been united to thine in bonds of a spiritual relationship which is closer than any natural tie. I have felt that this awful stroke has made thee (who hast been once "a widow indeed") twice an orphan, and have believed that in the desolation of thy feelings thou mayst be ready to conclude thou hast seen an end of all perfection, and that there is nothing now worth living for. But how strongly have I felt amid all this desolation that the Eternal God has been thy refuge, and underneath thee are the everlasting arms ! While, like the prophet of old, thou hast beheld the companion whom thou hast so dearly loved, and to whom thou wast united by no common tie, ascend as it were to the very gates of heaven, may we not believe a portion of her spirit has descended upon thee ? Truly, my beloved cousin, thou hast known many and deep baptisms of flesh and spirit, baptisms into the cloud and into the sea. Yea, hast thou not known something of what it is to be baptized for

the dead? And all these fiery baptisms have been doing their office in purifying and cleansing and preparing thee for a yet fuller development, a yet larger exercise of thy various natural and spiritual gifts.

When our blessed Lord was about to reascend into heaven, His command to His chosen disciples was, "Go ye and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and, lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Now, my dear sister, in looking forward to the change of allotment that may probably be awaiting thee, this command has afresh revived in my mind; and in entering a little into the probable conflicts and trials which may be thy portion, I have been encouraged and comforted on thy behalf in remembering the gracious assurance which followed, addressed to them that believe: "In my name ye shall cast out devils, and speak with new tongues. Ye shall take up serpents, and if ye drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt you. Ye shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." I have been given to believe that thou, my dear cousin, wouldst realize something of this in thy experience; that, dwelling in the secret of His pavilion, thou wouldst be kept from the strife of tongues; that, even though thou shouldst tread upon what might be comparable to deadly serpents, they would

not be permitted to hurt thee; yea, that, in the power of thy Lord, thou shouldst even be enabled to lay hands on the spiritually sick, and they should recover; for the anointing oil would be so poured upon thy head as to descend upon the troubled waters and cause a blessed calm. Therefore I would have thee be of good courage, for I do assuredly believe thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and "as thy day is so shall thy strength be."

E. Barclay adds, in connection with the foregoing,—

. . . Then dear cousin E. P. G. said, very sweetly, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the good things the Lord hath in store for them that love Him." But God hath revealed them unto us by His spirit. Have we not, my beloved friends, at this solemn hour known something of the revealing of the good things of the kingdom? Have we not, in the tender mercy of the Lord, had some fresh sense given us of the glorious realities of the inheritance of the saints in light,—a little glimpse as it were within the veil? Have we not almost heard the sound of the redeemed ones returning to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads? And has not the acknowledgment been raised in some of our hearts,



“Verily there is a reward for the righteous; verily there is a God who judgeth in the earth”?

The loosening of so many ties which had hitherto bound her to her English home had for some time past, as has been seen, permitted E. P. Gurney seriously to entertain the thought of a return to her native land, at least for a time. She wrote to Mary Anna Longstreth, Sixth mo. 17th, 1850:

My way seems now remarkably opening for a return to my own land, at least for a season, and it was deeply impressed upon my mind that this would be the case some months ago, even when dearest H. C. B. was well as usual, though I never could believe it would be right for me to leave her, and my sister Catherine was strongly opposed to my going while *she* lived. Now the former is gathered home to her heavenly inheritance, and the latter is so far on her journey as to be wholly weaned from all earthly things, and I have already taken my leave of her, never expecting to see her again in mutability. Thou wilt easily believe, my beloved Marianna, that all this has not been passed through without much deep suffering; but it is my earnest desire to be more and more enabled to leave the things that are behind, and to press forward with renewed diligence toward the mark, looking solely unto Jesus, the

Author and Finisher of our faith. It is no light thing to me to think of returning to Philadelphia again, and I have always felt that I could not do it in my own way and time; but "simply follow as I lead" is the command that seems to be given me, and in endeavoring to do so, whatever my outward allotment may be, I feel a sweet and consoling assurance that my mind will be kept in peace.

This has hitherto been strikingly the case in the midst of many tribulations, and why should I doubt it now? May I be gifted with a double portion of "that wisdom which, by reason of its purity, passeth through all things," giving no offence to any, "neither to the Jew, nor to the Gentile, nor to the Church of God." "Owing no man anything, but to love one another." This, I can truly say, is the unfeigned prayer of my heart, and I humbly and reverently trust that He who searcheth the heart will hear and answer it.

Lady H. Buxton to E. P. Gurney.

Seventh mo. 17th, 1850.

. . . I do feel thou hast been most faithful, generous, sympathizing, and helpful to us all, and we have loved thee as a dear sister, an immense blessing and gift to our darling brother, and a comfort to us all. I trust thou wilt leave thy dear home and



this country for a season, with deep hopefulness that the grace of God has so abounded as to have enabled thee to do His will amongst us, to glorify His grace and His name, and to be made a remarkable blessing, not to our dearest Joseph only, but to us and to a large circle. I cannot say, dearest Eliza, how deeply I feel this. Thou hast been truly a blessing to us, a comfort, an encouragement, a minister of the Gospel, and a distributor of good things, spiritual and temporal. With tears I feel what thou hast been, with gratitude that we have had thee, my love, and now I feel that thy duty lies with thy own land and thy own people, and for a season we are willing to give thee up, though we feel what the giving up is.

E. P. Gurney's prospect of leaving England rapidly matured, and her preparations were made for an early departure; her niece, H. H. Kirkbride, accompanying her.

E. P. G. to J. K. Clarke.

Seventh mo. 17th, 1850.

. . . We expect to leave the Grove on Seventh day week, spend a few days at Upton, and go on board the "Niagara" on the 3d of Eighth mo., a little more than two weeks from this time. I can scarcely believe what I write, it seems so incredible.

Pray do not be anxious about us. We have no fear of the sea, and shall very likely have a smooth and pleasant voyage. I am sure thou wilt be glad to hear that there is not the shadow of a cloud in the way, but all looks bright before me, though, of course, I truly feel the prospect of returning to America, as well as the thought of leaving many tenderly loved ones here, to some of whom our preparation for departure has given more pain than I anticipated.

On the eve of her embarkation a number of her friends assembled at Liverpool to bid farewell to one who had become so closely united to them, and her honored friend, William Forster, addressed her most impressively. The following brief sketch of his remarks has been preserved :

“Great peace have they that love Thy law, and nothing shall offend them.” Although I cannot always appropriate this promise to myself, yet I think I have been enabled to rejoice in it on thy account, my dearly beloved sister, believing that thou art one of those who do indeed love the law of the Lord, and that thou hast been faithfully endeavoring, since thou hast been called from thy kindred and thy native country, to yield obedience to its manifested



requirings, in doing which thou hast known the blessed promise abundantly verified. Great peace has been thy portion, and nothing has been able to offend thee. And I have felt comforted in the persuasion that, in following the leadings of thy Lord and Master, who is now taking thee from us for a season, thou wilt continue to witness the fulfilment of this gracious assurance; so that whatever trials may be permitted to assail thee, the angel of His presence shall encamp round about thee and nothing be permitted to offend.

The memory of the just is blessed and will not decay. Very precious has been the remembrance of our tenderly beloved departed brother since we have been assembled together on this very interesting and to me deeply affecting occasion; for I feel that I am parting with a precious sister,—a sister in the unchangeable truth, a sister dearly beloved in the Lord. Ah, I believe our dear departed brother has been very near to many of us at this time, and I have rejoiced in thinking how thy various steppings since thou wast written “widow and desolate” would have been approved by him, how entirely he would now sanction this step; so that, in a little fresh faith and confidence, I can bid thee go forward in the name of the Lord, believing assuredly that He will never leave thee nor forsake thee; for He has promised



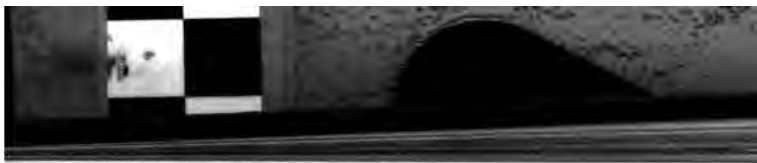
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(and His promises are yea and amen forever) that He will be with His children always, even unto the end of the world. Yea, and I believe He will again and again put the new song into thy mouth, even praises unto His great and ever-excellent name.





WEST HILL, NEAR BURLINGTON, N. J.



CHAPTER IV.

SOON after E. P. Gurney's arrival in America she settled at West Hill, a retired and commodious mansion beautifully situated about two miles from Burlington, New Jersey, originally occupied by Samuel Emlen, and latterly the home of Susanna R. Smith, an esteemed minister of Burlington meeting. Her household arrangements were peculiarly happy and congenial. Her widowed sisters, Mary Ann Williams and Julia K. Clarke, were both with her; the former under her roof, the latter occupying a pleasant cottage near at hand. She delighted in the cheerful society of her younger relatives, some of whom were constantly gathered about her in the mutual exchange of kindly service. In the immediate neighborhood resided several families of her intimate friends, with whom she maintained daily intercourse. Prominent among these were Harrison Alderson, a valuable minister, Dr. Joseph W. Taylor, his sister Hannah and his brothers Abram M. and James Taylor, and Susanna R. Smith (above mentioned), with their families.

The atmosphere of the place was rich with spiritual graces and intellectual culture, and the household grew year by year more attractive and beautiful. Those who were favored with access to its inner life can never forget the elegant simplicity of the ample parlors, devoid of useless ornament, but supplied with all the appliances for restful ease or profitable study,—the capacious chair from which the mistress of the mansion presided over her domain with courtly grace; the store of books, always ready to be handed with wise selection to casual guests; the hospitable dining-room, the scene of so many cheerful and memorable gatherings; and the literary treasures piled upon the shelves of the library.

To the members of her own religious society the house was especially a centre of attraction. Ministers from distant parts of the country received freely of her wise counsels and ready sympathy, as well as substantial aid in large measure; and the young people delighted in her sprightly and instructive converse and unaffected interest in all their affairs.

In reference to a few of her friends more remotely situated, it may be allowed to quote from an interesting notice by J. B. Braithwaite, published in the "Annual Monitor," England:

tinguished for sound and enlightened judgment, and a mind of varied culture seasoned with grace. Nor must his beloved sister, Amy Y. Tatum, also an elder, or John M. and Mary Whitall be forgotten in this little sketch (brief and imperfect as it must necessarily be), all overflowing with love, impressed with the King's image, and ready to be spent in His service. Such, amongst many others that might be named, were the friends amongst whom E. P. Gurney felt it a privilege to pass the evening of her day, and whom it was her lot to survive."

A warm welcome was extended to her on her settlement by tongue and pen. A few examples follow:

Hannah B. Mott to E. P. G.

Second mo. 1st, 1851.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It has been so much on my mind for some days past to convey to thee an expression of my most sincere pleasure on hearing of thy conclusion to dwell among us, that I will yield to the feeling and thus give thee my cordial welcome. I have no doubt the subject has weighed much upon thy mind, and I rejoice in thy decision, at the same time that I hope I am able to enter into sympathy with thee at the prospect of entering upon

Grellet and his wife, Richard Mott and his daughter, the Allinsons, Susan R. Smith, etc. ! I do not think there is such a circle of friends to be found anywhere,—so much refinement and true Christian charity. But death is making gradual inroads into it, and in a few years more it probably will be greatly changed. Already two of its brightest ornaments are gone,—Richard Mott's wife, a truly dignified and upright pillar in the Church, within the last two months, and dear Abigail Barker, while I was in England. So do not leave it long, or thou wilt never know from actual observation what a sweet band of Christians we have had amongst us. I cannot tell thee what a help and comfort dear Stephen Grellet has been to me since coming here,—a father in the truth I may well call him. His spirit is so sweet and heavenly we cannot hope to keep him long amongst us, though he is now apparently recovering from a fearful illness which brought him very low. I think I must give thee an outline of a precious sermon he addressed to me a few weeks since, which I took down directly afterward in my private journal. He seemed very anxious to see me in my new home, and, though scarcely equal to the effort, not having taken so long a drive for several years, he came one morning early, accompanied by his precious wife, who is scarcely less of a saint than himself. (Have

we not good Scripture authority for calling the righteous so?) I felt it a privilege to have them under my roof, and, after we had conversed a little together I took dear Rebecca over the house to show her the alterations and improvements. When we returned we found her venerable husband, who truly looks like an apostle, reclining in a large arm-chair, his face illuminated with the anointing oil, so that it fairly shone like Stephen's. He beckoned us to be seated, and a covering of solemnity came over us at once such as I rarely remember to have witnessed. After a little time the dear old man broke forth in nearly the following words, or at least this is a correct outline of his striking sermon: "'Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God.' While thou hast been so kindly engaged, my beloved sister, in showing my wife the alterations and improvements in the accommodation of thy outward dwelling-place, thy external habitation, my mind has been occupied in following thee, as it were, into the inner temple, the temple of the heart, where I have seen the rod that budded, and the precious offerings, and the sweet incense ascending. Yes, I was wandering, whilst thou wast absent, into thy little sanctuary, where thou hadst just been pouring out thy prayers and supplications to the Lord, renewing thy covenant with Him, and the odor of the ointment filled

the room. Ah, my endeared sister, it has been given me to see in my inward vision, while I have been silently musing in this thy pleasant earthly abode, that the offerings and the sacrifices which thou hast made in that little sanctuary, when no human eye saw thee, had indeed ascended as sweet incense before the Lord, and were accepted of Him. Then is not this cause for encouragement to continue to put thy whole trust in Him? Has He not been with thee all thy life long, guiding thee by His counsel, and remarkably sustaining thee by His spirit in times of deep trial and sore adversity? and has He not promised that He will be with His own always, even unto the end of the world? Then lift up thy head in hope, my endeared sister. He who has been with thee in six troubles will not forsake thee in the seventh. He will continue to pour forth of His anointing oil upon thee, and qualify thee for His own work and service more and more; yea, thou shalt be as a fruitful field, the smell whereof shall be known afar off," etc.

This is the merest skeleton of a deeply-interesting sermon. I feel it wants all the bones and sinews to make it complete, but I know it will interest thee and dear Jane Fox. I think thou hadst better not show this to any one else: it might convey a very wrong impression of my real condition, which has

ness in a strong city," and realize, in the Lord's own time, even while a pilgrim here, that He whom thou desirest to serve is indeed the "Repairer of the breach, the Restorer of paths to dwell in."

In true affection, thy friend.

A few extracts from E. P. G.'s journal, which was not very regularly kept, may properly find place here :

West Hill, Seventh mo. 9th, 1851.—Months pass away, and I seem to add nothing to my journal. Is it because I shrink from looking myself steadily in the face? Ah, were it not that there is One who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities, who pardons the iniquities of His penitent, believing children, and (notwithstanding their innumerable backslidings) loves them freely, well might I faint beneath an overwhelming sense of my manifold shortcomings, yea, my "crimson sins."

Three weeks have elapsed since I left Philadelphia, and the probability is I shall know it as an abiding-place no more. The way, however, clearly opened for pitching my tent in this delightful spot, and great was the relief and peace I felt. There are some very interesting persons there, to whom I feel much attached, and I left them with regret.

and the sweet fragrance of a loving spirit, at peace with God and man, like Mary's ointment, seemed to fill the house, and precious was it to partake of the refreshment of it. But, oh! it was most touching to see her faithful, stricken partner bowing beneath the stroke. While his submissive spirit seems to breathe the language, "It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth him good," I believe his affectionate feelings make it difficult to utter "Thy will, not mine, be done." But the Lord, whom he has served so long faithfully, will "hear him in the day of trouble, send him help from His sanctuary, and strengthen him out of Zion."

First mo. 29th, 1852.—While I painfully realize that my ties to this world are wonderfully loosened, I am often comforted by the conviction that to a better, holier inheritance they are increased and strengthened. He will keep that which is committed unto Him: then, oh! what treasure I must have in heaven! I love to dwell upon the blessed company assembled there,—father and mother, sisters and brothers, uncles and aunts and nieces, whom I dearly loved, beside those precious ones of later days, with whom, I trust I may say, I have been bound up in the bundle of life; yea, I loved them as my own soul.

Jesus our Lord? With Him all things are possible, even the perfect restoration of my sinful heart to that image of holiness and purity that was lost in the Fall. Blessed Redeemer! wilt thou not hasten the day?

Since I wrote last, Eli and Sibyl Jones, at my request, have committed their two dear children to my care,*—one not yet two years old, the other eight. I feel it a great responsibility, much more so than I anticipated, but I believed it right to make the offer. May I be helped to do my duty by them! for I am more and more persuaded I can do nothing well without Divine assistance.

**E. P. G. to C. W. Beesley (in allusion to the
decease of H. C. Backhouse).**

Second mo., 1852.

I send thee the last of the letters. Deeply interesting it has been to me to glance them over, and my very heart has ached under the fresh remembrance that all that powerful love and sympathy have been withdrawn, and can be mine no more on earth forever. Yet other streams are mercifully opened, other hearts are warmed with pure and

* E. and S. Jones were about embarking on a religious visit to Africa.

riches of His grace, through the fulness of His intercession, the freeness of His pardoning and atoning love, "to draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith,"—not for any works of righteousness that we have done, but because our hearts are sprinkled from an evil conscience by that blood of sprinkling which was shed for us abundantly on Calvary, and which can alone cleanse us from the defilement of our past iniquities, or free us from the guilt and power of sin.

I know thou art not one of those who, on hearing the blessed doctrine of Christ crucified, would be ready to exclaim, "What then? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound?" How striking the apostle's answer to his own query: "God forbid! How shall they that are dead to sin live any longer therein?" Ah, no! a living, saving faith in the Redeemer of men must bring forth fruits of righteousness; for faith without works is dead, being alone.

E. P. G. to C. W. B.

WEST HILL, Fifth mo. 3d, 1852.

. . . After the full and somewhat oppressive week in Philadelphia, the rest and quiet of West Hill are most refreshing, and again and again have the words been passing through my mind,—

evening, I want thee to tell him, with my love, that it was not read to us in vain; for in the midnight watches, remembering what he said about cherishing our scruples and attending to them, and thus having more laid upon us, I endeavored to search and see whether there was anything in my own habitation that gave me uneasiness. The result of my cogitations is, I have ordered two silver gravy-boats and a silver dish to be put out of the way, and not to be forthcoming again. They were placed on the table without my direction, and I felt a little uneasy with it at the time, but I was beginning to get accustomed to seeing them there, and very likely the "scruple" would not have been attended to but for his timely hint. I do not know of anything else that has given me uneasiness, but if any one has been stumbled by me in any way, I hope you will be kind enough and candid enough to tell me of it. No one, I think, can have more respect for honest, truthful scruples than myself, believing that "whatsoever is not of faith is sin;" therefore "happy is he that condemneth not himself in the thing which he alloweth."

I know my own weakness is great, but I think I do sincerely desire to be preserved from placing a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in a brother's way.

things. In a little while I heard that dear Rebecca Collins had the same concern, and that her husband was intending to accompany her. This struck me very pleasantly; and on naming the subject to Mahlon Day, I found his mind also was drawn toward that Yearly Meeting, and had been for several years, though the way had not opened for attending it. Thus, without any effort on our parts, our little company seemed banded for the service, as it were; and I think we had reason to believe we were rightly united together. Some of the Providences of the interesting journey I believe I shall never forget; and, oh! may I cherish a grateful remembrance of the gentle dealings of my Lord and Master, who mercifully condescended to be "mouth and wisdom, tongue and utterance" to one of the most feeble and unworthy of His flock, if, indeed, it is not presuming to suppose that I belong to it at all.

The first Sabbath day we spent at Baltimore, which place I entered with a heavy heart; and before going to meeting an unusual weight of exercise so clothed and oppressed my spirit, that I found it difficult to converse with the dear, kind friends at whose house I was pleasantly sojourning. How I have suffered from this very cause! and, oh! how hard it is for poor, proud human nature to submit to be a "fool"—yea, to be "drunk with silence"—

To the Same.

RICHMOND, INDIANA, Ninth mo. 29th, 1852.

. . . My heart was in great heaviness, and continued so until after our large and solemn meeting on First day morning. This brought such a feeling of peace and relief into my mind, that I began to doubt whether I should have any weights left by the time I reached Indiana. However, I have since found that we have not yet come to that blessed rest and inheritance, where "the clouds return not after the rain." Sometimes, at home, they used quite to disappear for a little season, but never since I left your city, with a burden on my spirit such as I could not attempt to describe, has the lowering cloud ceased to hang about the horizon, though at times it decreases to the size of "a man's hand," and does not quite obscure all pleasant objects. I have indeed passed through a season of close proving and conflict since I saw thee, dear; but, oh! what an unspeakable mercy to know the clouds to discharge themselves, one after another, and to witness the "clear shining after the rain,"—to see a little glimpse of the light of the countenance of that blessed Master whose we are, and whom we desire to serve, and then to hear His gracious language, as if compassionating our weakness and infirmities: "Let

Never did it look so bright and peaceful as it does this day, and oh! that my gratitude to the bounteous Giver may bear some proportion to His mercies, which are truly manifold. Tell thy dear uncle, Thomas Evans, that his cordial welcome met me, with many others, and was very cheering. The words he quoted had been much with me on my journey home: "Return unto thy rest, O my soul! for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

E. P. G. to Edward Pease.

WEST HILL, First mo. 18th, 1853.

. . . Certainly the Friends who compose the little Burlington circle are among the "finest of the wheat" in America, and I cannot be too thankful to my heavenly Father that the lines have fallen unto me in such pleasant places. The meeting is preserved in precious unity, and the two aged veterans who sit at the head of it,* being "delivered from the noise of the archers," continue to "rehearse the righteous acts of the Lord in the places of drawing water." They are both remarkably bright at the present time, and are frequently engaged in the occupancy of their ministerial gifts, to the comfort and edification of the Church. Dear Richard Mott

* Stephen Grellet and Richard Mott.

times used expressions which were common in that day, but not so familiar to the gentle ears of modern times, yet he was a true gentleman, quoting in proof of this some parts of William Penn's description of him. But I cannot at all do justice to his beautiful testimony, though I did rejoice in it, on account of the many interesting young people who were assembled with us. We sometimes number fifty-seven or fifty-eight. At first we occupied ourselves with needle-work. But I proposed, a few weeks ago, that we should knit for the poor, and it is pleasant to see with what spirit they have taken it up. The interest thou expressed about our little social gatherings last winter was very grateful to us. . . .

I have often thought that few things are more helpful to a feeble, inexperienced Christian traveller than passing words of cheer from aged pilgrims, who, having stood as waymarks on the heavenward journey, fought the good fight and kept the faith, are finishing their course with joy, the Spirit bearing witness with their spirits that an eternal crown of glory is laid up for them in the world to come. This, I rejoicingly believe, is thy experience, my dear and honored friend, under a solemnizing consciousness that, in the natural course of things, "the time of thy departure is at hand." But, although I

has been therein confirming thee in the truth and applicability of the prediction in the eighteenth verse of the last chapter of Mark, let it prepare thee to expect a call to further service, somewhat after this sort: "As thou hast testified of me at Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome." I apply not either locality, but an analogous enlargement and diversity of service I believe awaits thee.

. . . William Forster, the elder (the father of the present), told me that, when he was a boy, he used to like to find out the very oldest persons who were then living, thinking that he ought to lose no time in the search of such, for every year lessened his chance of collecting traditional knowledge. When at Hertford, at the age of fifteen, he fell in with a very aged woman-Friend who knew William Penn intimately. She was so fond of him that she told W. F. she would not have married if he would not have come to the wedding. She described in very glowing terms his fervor of spirit, and how, under the constraining love of Christ, his gospel ministry literally overflowed. She has seen him come into a meeting already gathered, pull off his hat as he walked up the aisle, commence preaching, and, when he reached the place where he usually sat, remain

of H. C. Backhouse, writes, in relation to this visit,—

. . . I cannot tell thee how truly I enjoyed the narrative of thy visit to New England, and thy going over the field traversed before in company with our precious mother, thus fulfilling the prophecies that went before on thee. Well, in this line only will, I believe, be thy peace on earth, and in it thy communion with beloved ones in heaven.

The deep interest which Friends in England had long taken on the subject of negro slavery led them, at the Yearly Meeting in 1853, to prepare an address to the President, and others in authority in the United States, relative to its suppression. William and Josiah Forster, John Candler and William Holmes were chosen to be the bearers of the document. William Forster also had a minute for some religious service by the way. Soon after their arrival they spent a short time at West Hill for needed rest, proceeding thence to Washington and the Western and Southern States in the prosecution of their beneficent errand. While in Tennessee, William Forster was prostrated by illness, and after a few days of great suffering and weakness, to use his brother's words, he "breathed out his soul unto

child of my own. I cannot, and would not wish to, forget it. . . . Considering my many infirmities and my great feebleness, it is very possible that I may be excused from going to some of those very remote districts to which my mind is often most strongly drawn.

From E. P. Gurney's private memoranda we take the following outline of an interesting occasion at Baltimore:

Second mo. 14th, 1854.

For my own satisfaction in days to come, I must preserve some record of the very solemn day we spent at Baltimore, just two weeks after the remains of that devoted servant of the Lord, William Forster, had been committed to the silent grave. It was the first Friends' meeting the sad and contracted little band had attended since their bereavement, and I believe it seemed to many besides myself like the "burial day." A heavy burthen had oppressed my spirit ever since hearing the affecting tidings, but I was mercifully helped to throw it off on that most solemn, sorrowful occasion. After the meeting had been gathered about half an hour, I felt constrained to rise with the words, "Forever with the Lord! Gathered to the just of all generations; washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." How



precious are considerations such as these when loved and honored ones are taken from us, who have stood as firm and upright pillars in the Church, who have counted not their lives dear unto themselves, that they might finish their course with joy, and the ministry which they had received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God. And though to our shortsightedness the dispensation may appear to have been mysterious, the mission unfulfilled, yet, my beloved friends, we must ever remember that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. And whenever He may see meet, in His infinite and unsearchable wisdom, to say to His dedicated servants, "It is enough," whether it be in the morning, at mid-day, or in the evening, his work is done. And may we not reverently believe that when, in tender love and mercy, the work is thus cut short in righteousness, the compassionate Shepherd of Israel does sometimes whisper to the departing spirit, even in the solemn stillness of the bed of death, "It was well that it was in thine heart : depart in peace, thy faith hath saved thee"? Then let us not be too much dismayed or cast down, as though some strange thing had happened unto us, but let us put on fresh strength in the name of the Lord. Is not the need increased? Let us *press* forward with redoubled

diligence, not only to make our calling and election sure, but also that we may do our part in hastening the coming of that glorious day when the knowledge of God and of his Christ shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. I have remembered, for my own instruction,—and it may be that it is designed for the instruction of others,—that it is recorded in the volume of divine inspiration: “The people served the Lord all the days of Joshua, and all the days of the elders that outlived Joshua, who had seen the mighty works and wonders of the Lord;” but after a time all that generation were gathered to their fathers, and another generation arose “which knew not the Lord, nor yet the mighty deeds that He had done for Israel.”

Oh, that this may never be said of us, is the earnest breathing of my spirit; but may the mantle of Elijah descend upon the Elishas of the present day, that by a thorough surrender of the heart to the crucifying power of the cross of Christ there may be a succession of standard-bearers and testimony-bearers raised up from among this people, to whom the Great Head of the Church did indeed, in former days, commit a noble banner, that it might be displayed because of His own blessed Truth. Oh, then, my beloved friends, though it may indeed be said on the present solemn occasion that the Church

mourns, that we are brought low under the chastening hand of our God, let us take heed that we be not slothful, but followers of them who, we do reverently believe, are now, even at this very moment, through faith and patience, inheriting the promises.

“ And though a Paul has run his course,
Or an Apollos dies,
Is Israel left without resource,
And are there no supplies ?
Yes ; while the dear Redeemer lives
We have a boundless store,
And shall be fed with what He gives
Who lives for evermore.”

Then may we not all join, as with one heart and one accord, in the prayer of His disciples formerly, “ Lord, evermore give us this bread ” ?—even this heavenly bread, bread which alone can satisfy the hunger of the immortal spirit and nourish it up unto eternal life. Thus being strengthened to fill up the ranks in righteousness, having served our generation according to the will of God, we also may be gathered, through the riches of atoning love and mercy, to that glorious company of ransomed ones who are already come unto Mount Zion and unto the City of the Living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, whose names

are written in heaven, and to God, the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus, the Mediator of the new Covenant. Oh, the blessedness of such a change as this! gathered by a hand of infinite mercy from a state of conflict and mourning to one of love and joy and peace,—translated, as it were, from death and darkness into the glorious light and liberty of the children of God.

“These hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne doth feed them and lead them to fountains of living waters, and God Himself—blessed be His holy name forever!—hath wiped away all tears from every eye.”

**William Edward Forster to E. P. G., after his
Father's death in America.**

Second mo. 23d, 1854.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—There is little I can bear to write, but I do not like the American post to go without a letter to thee. . . . Thy being on *his* side of the Atlantic has been through all a great comfort to me; though thou couldst not get him under thy roof, where he would have been so tenderly cared for, yet I am sure the feeling that he might get to thee was a comfort and alleviation of absence to him. Do, pray, let our most kind friend, Dr. Taylor, know

how deeply grateful my mother and myself feel for his kindness in undertaking so long and tiresome a journey on my dearest father's account. . . . He has been allowed to fall a martyr to his devotion to that great and holy cause of the abolition of negro slavery, in the earnest, untiring advocacy of which so large a portion of his life has from time to time been spent; and I cannot but believe that his thus dying in one of your Slave States will encourage American Friends more and more to devote themselves to this cause in a like spirit.

In Seventh mo., 1855, her continued affectionate interest in her many English friends, and the belief that she was called to some further religious service in Europe, induced E. P. Gurney once more to cross the Atlantic, accompanied by her niece, Harriet H. Kirkbride, who was afterward married to Theodore Fox, and settled in England.

E. P. G.'s notes of the voyage are of interest:

On board the "Baltic," eighteen hundred miles from New York, Seventh mo. 17th, 1855.—This is our seventh day at sea, my beloved sisters, and I have nothing but mercies to record, rich and unmerited mercies, since that last memorable morning when, with a heavy heart yet quiet spirit, I

bade farewell to dear-loved relatives and friends and fatherland,—whether for longer or shorter time is known only to Him who appoints the bounds of our habitation and doeth all things well. Oh, were it not for this blessed assurance, which for the last thirty years has been an abiding one with me, I know not how I should have borne the manifold uprootings that are meted out to me. For a little season I am permitted, through the tender mercy of my heavenly Father, to encamp with those I love beneath the shadowing palm-trees and by the wells of water long desired; but no sooner is my spirit cheered and comforted than I am called to pull up stakes, remove my tent, and journey on again. Yet so far I have seen the need be for every uprooting, and I desire to hold fast my confidence firm unto the end. Perhaps my faith never was more closely tried than in this last strange step, it seemed so perfectly unnatural to turn my back on my delightful home and loved and loving friends and venture once again upon this treacherous ocean, not knowing why or wherefore. But “Have not I commanded thee?” is an appeal which ought to answer every doubt and silence every fear, and I may thankfully acknowledge its power to do so.

After the last long look at the dear ones who so kindly accompanied us to the steamer, we got



comfortably ensconced under our umbrella, and were soon joined by the lady to whom we had been introduced at the pier. She at once interested us greatly, not only by the exceeding gentleness and refinement of her manners, but by the striking renunciation of self which is apparent in every movement. She is a perfect Florence Nightingale to the ship, visiting daily all the sick and wounded, and ministering to their necessities with a grace and tenderness I have rarely seen excelled. To me her constant kind and sisterly attention is beyond all price, and I hope when we get to England I may have an opportunity to return it. I felt quite free from sickness, had a most peaceful, comfortable night, and woke refreshed next morning. This seemed to be in mercy granted me. . . .

20th.—What may await us in England we little know, or whether any home is provided for us. But I have remembered with comfort the beautiful Scripture promise quoted by dear R. Shober, in the first meeting I attended after my return to my native land, which, I may confess with heartfelt thankfulness, has been remarkably fulfilled in my experience: "I will be to them a little sanctuary in all places whither they may come."

Never has my dear and faithful Saviour allowed me to feel homeless, a "stranger and foreigner" on

His earth, since the day that I entered into covenant with Him that if He would lead me in the way that I should go, I would serve Him. Oh, that in His tender love and mercy He would graciously enable me to fulfil my part of the covenant, cost me what it may! In taking a retrospective view of the years spent in America, although blushing and confusion of face might well be my portion in remembrance of my manifold shortcomings and infirmities, yet I am bound to acknowledge gratefully that, through the infinite compassion of a pitying Saviour, I have felt no condemnation, being able in sincerity of soul to make the appeal, "Thou knowest I have desired to do Thy will."

21st.—The Irish coast in view, and Captain Comstock hopes to be in Liverpool early to-morrow morning. The sea just like a mirror. Every one well on board. Bless the Lord, oh, my soul, and forget not all His benefits!

Ham House, 24th.—When I was about closing my sea notes all seemed fair and promising. In a very short time, however, a dense fog gathered round us, and we knew by the constant ringing of the bell and the whistle, which they only use in time of danger, that the captain was beginning to be anxious. He soon had a barrier placed on the deck, that no one should approach the place where he was stand-



ing, and commanded that no voice should be heard but his own. In a few minutes we were sensible of a jar, and after waiting a little in breathless suspense were told that a large ship had run so near us as to graze the steamer, but passed on unhurt. We knew that the peril was great, though all were profoundly silent. Directly came another heavier jar, and word was quickly sent into the cabin that we had sunk a schooner which had run against us, and that a boat had put off to save the crew if possible. Judge what our feelings were at such a moment! In about half an hour they returned, bringing nine men and one poor frightened girl of thirteen years of age,—the whole ship's company. It appeared they thought it not unlikely they might be run down, and had got into their boat just as the vessel struck. It was an awful night; almost the whole ship's company were up till three or four o'clock, the dismal bell and whistle still informing us the danger was not over. Soon after this, however, the fog cleared away, and a lovely morning succeeded. The captain said if the largest ship had struck our steamer instead of only grazing it, it would undoubtedly have sunk both vessels. May we be enabled to praise the Lord for His goodness! Not very long after the pilot met us we saw a little boat hovering around us, and presently descried my noble brother, Samuel Gurney, Sarah,

Richenda Barclay, and young Edward Buxton, who had most kindly come the day before to Birkenhead to meet us and conduct us to Ham House, where we are now most peacefully and comfortably settled.

I have not said how truly affecting it was to me to see the pale and altered countenance of my much-loved brother; but he has the same sweet, gentle, loving spirit, and it is delightful to be with him again, even at this changed home, where a void is deeply felt at every moment. John Henry met us at the station, looking as beaming and sweet as possible. Nothing could possibly exceed the cordial welcome we receive on every hand, and, what is best of all, the peace of my own mind has been unbroken.

Shortly after their arrival, E. P. Gurney established herself at Earlham Road, the former residence of her lamented friend, William Forster, near Norwich, where she remained nearly three years, resuming her former habits of familiar intercourse with the remaining members of the delightful circle in which she had so long moved, now rapidly narrowing with the lapse of time. Having a certificate of removal from her friends at home, she became again a member of Norwich Monthly Meeting. The death of the venerable Stephen Grellet occurred soon after E. P. G. left America, of which she writes:



E. P. G. to J. K. Clarke.

EARLHAM ROAD, Twelfth mo. 4th, 1855.

MY DEAREST SISTER,—Can it be that that dear aged pilgrim is gone, to be seen of men no more? Having heard from time to time such sorrowful accounts of his physical sufferings, my first feeling on receiving the tidings of his blessed translation were those of rejoicing, as I dwelt on the words of the Psalmist: "The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth him out of all his troubles." But the more I reflect upon it, the wider and deeper seems the void which the departure of this saint has made, not only in his own beloved and stricken family, not only in our section of the Christian Church, of which he was so bright an ornament, but in the Church at large. It may seem strange to speak thus of one whose services of latter time have been so much confined to his own neighborhood; but who can estimate the loss of the prayers of one such deeply-exercised spirit as his, poured forth, as they often were, both in public and private, for the universal Church and for the world? Surely they have come up in sweet memorial before the Throne. And then, how teaching was his patient spirit! to say nothing of his powerful evangelical ministry, which seems only to have ceased with his latest breath. Few of the

Lord's dedicated messengers have been more generally known or more truly honored. Dear, dear old prophet,—for such he surely was,—when shall we look upon his like again? I loved him sincerely for his abundant kindness and unfailing sympathy, but most of all “for the grace of God that was in him.” Truly it may be said of him, “He was a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost.” Have we not seen his face shine with the oil of the kingdom when, pressed in spirit, he has powerfully declared unto us the whole counsel of God? Surely “the signs of an apostle were wrought among us, in all patience and wonders and mighty deeds.” And few had more marks of apostleship in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the sea, and, worst of all and hardest to endure, in perils by false brethren at home. Dear patient saint! My heart aches under a sense of his sufferings, and yet through all how heaven-bound he seemed, and how beautifully did his straightforward and still brightening path proclaim the language, “None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.” And now that ministry is fin-



ished, and that course is run. He has "warred a good warfare," and is, we reverently believe, through the atoning mercy of his risen Saviour, "made more than conqueror over death, hell, and the grave." As to the beloved, bereaved, devoted wife and daughter, I feel as if I hardly knew how to mention them. . . . May "the Lord hear them in this day of trouble, the name of the God of Jacob defend them, send them help from His sanctuary, and strengthen them out of Zion!"

E. P. G. to William J. and R. W. Allinson.

EARLHAM ROAD, Twelfth mo. 13th, 1855.

. . . By a living faith in the only Saviour, and a thorough surrender of the heart to the baptizing power of the Holy Spirit, this dedicated servant of the Lord Jesus (S. Grellet) may surely be said to have attained to his measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, yea, to the perfect man in Christ Jesus; and whatever may have been the estimate of his character made by some of his mistaken fellow-believers, we, who have fully known his "doctrine, manner of life, purpose, faith, long-suffering, patience, charity," rejoice in the conviction that the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, "The Lord knoweth them that are His," that He giveth unto them eternal life, and that no man shall

ever be able to pluck them out of His hand. How tenderly I have felt for the beloved bereaved ones I cannot say, but they will be cared for, they will be comforted. "A Father to the fatherless and a Judge of the widow is God in His holy habitation." I have also truly felt for the little band of worshippers, who shall behold his heaven-illuminated countenance no more. But may we not believe that though absent in the body he will be present in spirit, "joying and beholding your order and the steadfastness of your faith in Christ." It has been grateful as well as touching to my feelings to have been made, as it were, a centre of sympathy on this affecting occasion. How often have I thought of the words in Ecclesiastes, I think, in reference to him since hearing that he was gone to be with Jesus: "Fools counted his life madness, but he is in peace."

E. P. G. to her Sisters, J. K. Clarke and M. A. Williams.

EARLHAM ROAD, Eighth mo. 19th, 1856.

I was intending to write you by the next steamer before we received the affecting intelligence of the decease of our dear and honored friend, Richard Mott. At such an advanced age there is no feeling of surprise, yet it is impossible there should not be one of sadness in the reflection that the place which



has known these aged worthies, who are dropping off one by one, shall know them no more. How changed will dear old Burlington appear without those truly dignified and venerated champions for the truth! (Referring also to Stephen Grellet.) I used often to look at them at the head of the gallery, and wonder where two other such men could be found, taking their age and dedication into account. But they have served their generation according to the will of God, and now, as we reverently believe, are gathered to the general assembly and church of the first-born, where all is love and unity and peace and joy. How well do I remember, when I bade farewell to those aged pilgrims, the one at his own door and the other at the railway station, both pronounced a blessing upon me: "The Lord be with thee!" "The Lord bless thee!" Blessed and joyous, as I humbly but confidently believe, will be the re-assembling of the faithful round the throne of God. May we, my dearest sisters, be of the happy number! Then, though our earthly lots be far asunder, we shall at last, through boundless love and mercy, be reunited where they part no more.

CHAPTER V.

IN the latter part of 1856, E. P. Gurney made a visit, in the love of the gospel, to Friends and others in the south of France and Northern Italy, the scene of her labors when travelling with her husband in former years. Her helpful and congenial companions were Robert Alsop and his wife, the latter (formerly Christine Majolier) being a native of Congenies, in France, with whom E. P. G. had formed a close friendship during her previous visit.

The following letters afford pleasant glimpses of their progress, and of some interesting interviews in the course of the tour :

E. P. G. to J. K. Clarke.

Ninth mo. 16th, 1856.

. . . My heart is somewhat lightened of its heavy burthen since our Monthly Meeting, and I feel more capacity to share in the trials of others. The fullest unity was expressed with my somewhat formidable prospect, and much sympathy manifested in the tearful eyes of some of our honest-hearted Norfolk



friends. I think it will be a comfort to you to find that Robert and Christine Alsop are prepared to accompany me, and I quite believe, on many accounts, I could not have more agreeable or suitable companions. Christine says, in a note I had from her a few days ago, she is sure I could not find any who love me more, or who would be more desirous to do all they could to promote my comfort in every way. This I entirely believe, having proved them in my visit to Ireland. So I hope, my beloved sister, you will have no uneasiness about me. I trust I am going on the Lord's errand, and to His gracious care and keeping you must commit me, in a little grain of faith that this sacrifice will be among the "all things" which shall work together for good to your poor pilgrim sister, who sometimes does feel herself to be a stranger and sojourner on the earth, but seeking, as I trust, a better country, even an heavenly.

E. P. G. to Eliza Barclay.

LA TOUR, Tenth mo. 18th, 1856.

In return for thy great kindness I think thou art fairly entitled to the first letter from the valleys of Piedmont, where everything we see and hear reminds us of thee. We reached La Tour last evening, and were very kindly welcomed by Adèle Revel,

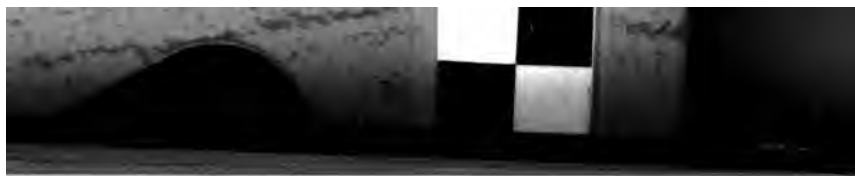
who had been on the lookout for us for several days, as she understood we left England on the 7th. But I must go back and tell thee a little of our previous history. Thou wilt probably have heard of us as far as Lyons, where we were detained three days, because there were no places in the diligence on Sixth and Seventh days, and we did not incline to travel on the Sabbath, especially in France, where this day of rest is so wholly disregarded. We had no cause, however, to regret the detention, as we had some very interesting intercourse, both social and religious, with some of the pious Protestants residing there. One of the ladies met me very warmly, and when she found I did not remember her the tears came into her eyes. "Do you not know me?" said she. "I translated for you fourteen years ago, when you were last at Lyons." When she told me her name, "Delamarre," I had some recollection of her, but I fear my memory is a very faithless one. On Second day we went to Chambéry by diligence, and quite enjoyed it; there obtained a carriage just large enough to pack us in with half our luggage, and on Fifth day we had a charming drive across Mont Cenis. The weather cold, but beautifully bright most of the time, with now and then a sprinkling of snow. I had rather dreaded this part of the journey, but the road is so fine and so well protected all fear was taken



away, and we quite feasted on the splendid scenery. Feeling a little burthened, when I rose in the morning, with the unknown future before me, my heart was comforted in remembering the declaration that "His faithfulness is like the great mountains," steadfast, immovable. Then "what have His poor trembling ones to fear?" Almost at the top of Mont Cenis we found a nice, bright family living in one of the most comfortless abodes I ever saw; six daughters, with their delicately-turned Italian countenances, quite interested us. I gave one of them a New Testament, with which she seemed greatly delighted, saying she had only seen some portions of it when she was at school, but now she could read the whole. We have distributed many tracts and books for children, and almost invariably they have been gratefully received.

Second day morning.

I did not like to tell thee, my dearest E., under what a weight of discouragement I was writing the above, but now that the clouds are a little dispersed I must give thee some account of our arrival here. In the first place, the rain was pouring down in torrents, and we were taken to the old inn, which looked comfortless enough, without either carpets or fire, for the weather was become very cold. Adèle Revel soon came to welcome us; but she only remained a few



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minutes, saying she would not interrupt us then, but would call the next day, and that, if we preferred doing so, we could then remove into the new house. So we settled in, and made things as comfortable as we could, but were glad to remove in the morning, though the rain continued to pour. By the aid of good fires and a few travelling-rugs we soon made this abode quite habitable, and were interested in finding a nice young Englishwoman in the upper rooms by the name of Gasparini. She had married an Italian when only fifteen years of age, and now had to support both him and their children by her needle and pencil. But I think you met with her at Nice last winter. We invited the Revels to tea, and found them very agreeable. I ventured to ask the "moderator" if he thought we could have a few of their friends at our hotel on First day evening, and, rather to our surprise, he responded very warmly, as we fancied they had previously shown some reserve on the subject. If the weather was fine, they said, our rooms would be more than filled. But all First day the rain continued to come down in torrents, and nothing could look more discouraging; however, more than thirty came, although the streets were quite impassable in various places, and many of the little bridges were swept away.



Our congregation was of the better sort, and I think we are bound to acknowledge gratefully that, through the loving kindness and overshadowing presence of the Minister of ministers, we had a solemn assembly. Just at the close our friend Revel observed, with much feeling and emphasis, "We are told by the great apostle that Paul planteth and Apollos watereth, and God giveth the increase. A short time ago our brother, who is now with God, planted the good seed in our hearts; and now our sister has been sent to water them. We have been cheered and encouraged by the labors of both. May a blessing from above rest upon them! May the seed take root in our hearts, and may God give the increase!" He said a little more, which I cannot remember exactly, but his allusion to dear William Forster was sweet and touching to me. When the meeting was over they were all as warm as possible, Pastor Malan especially begging us to have a meeting in the school-house this evening, as, he said, many more than our rooms could contain would be glad to attend. This, however, we thought best to decline, as we are likely to be with them some time longer; and it was well we did, for the rain continued without interruption, so that they fear the seed that has been sown on the mountains will be utterly washed away.

They all say it is well we came when we did, as now to cross Mont Cenis would be very difficult, the snow being very deep. One of the diligences was overturned by a whirlwind on the top of Mont Cenis, but no one was seriously hurt.

E. P. G. to E. H. H.

PEROSA, Eleventh mo. 5th, 1856.

I trust you are thinking of us for good, though we hear so little from you. Truly we need the prayers of those who are concerned for the prosperity of the Truth. No woman Friend has ever visited this place before in the character of a gospel minister; but, as the moderator observed, "the people expressed no surprise, but appeared quite prepared to receive our gospel message as coming from the Lord." What a mercy it is, my dear friend, that when the blessed Shepherd sendeth forth even the weakest of the flock, He goeth before them to prepare the way. Robert and Christine are very kind and helpful, and we get on harmoniously together. In the first few meetings the vocal service devolved entirely upon me; then Robert spoke a little at the conclusion, and afterward Christine came out, to my relief, for I had felt the weight of the meetings, as well as the preparatory baptisms,—which, I assure thee, have



not been small,—rather heavy upon me. The last two or three evenings she has taken her full part.

E. P. G. to Edward Pease.

GENOA, Eleventh mo. 12th, 1856.

Thou wilt have heard of our progress through the valleys of Piedmont, where we had ten large and relieving meetings,—eight in Luzerna and two in St. Martin. The roads to some of them were very difficult, especially those to Angrogna and Bobin, in the former valley, and that to Ville-Sèche, in the latter. I never saw such magnificent mountain scenery; but some of the great, huge precipices, to my unpractised eye, looked rather fearful. How I did think of poor dear William Forster, who, they all told us, suffered exceedingly with fear in traversing these rugged mountain-passes. But he has left a very sweet impression, and I believe his visit to the valleys opened the way for ours. They call him (as with one accord) “that holy man of God,” and all their countenances brighten up whenever he is named. We met with the greatest kindness from all the pastors, especially from Revel, the moderator, who, when Christine was not quite well, proposed to go to Angrogna to interpret for me. This was rather remarkable, as he is a sort of bishop among them, and it was evident at first there was a

little scruple in their minds against women's ministry. However, as Adèle Revel told me, it was only because it was a new thing, and she believed it was wholly done away. We became really attached to these warm-hearted people. Their simple piety and faith and zeal are very striking, and, I thought, instructive also. I could but long that some of our transatlantic friends, who are wasting their lives in "contending for the faith," as they call it, might witness the single-hearted dedication of these mountaineers; for surely it may be said of some of the over-zealous ones, "Ye know not what spirit ye are of."

When we got to Turin everything looked gloomy enough, and the prospect of a meeting as dull as possible. However, I felt that attraction to the place which would warrant our making some inquiry, and Robert and Christine went in the evening to call on Pastor Bert, who returned with them to our hotel, and seemed very kind, but was evidently frightened at the prospect, and wondering how it would be accomplished. The other pastor, Meille, to whom we had a letter from E. Barclay, had never noticed us in any way, so that strong faith and confidence were needed in order to carry us through. But these were not withheld by Him who has promised He will not forsake his poor depending chil-



dren; and at the hour appointed we proceeded to the meeting-place, a nice large room, in which they hold their evening service, as they call it. It will contain three or four hundred persons, and was soon quite full. Here Pastor Meille was introduced to us, and we fancied he looked very cold. However, after a short but solemn silence, I was enabled thoroughly to relieve my mind to a most serious and attentive audience on the faith and the words of Abraham, "God will provide Himself a lamb;" and soon after I sat down, Bert rose and thanked us warmly, on behalf of himself and the congregation, explaining who we were, and that it was in the love of the gospel of our Lord and Saviour we had come amongst them. Then Meille knelt down, and in a truly solemn, feeling manner commended us and our mission to the Lord, fervently praying that the word which had been spoken amongst them might be the means of stimulating them to greater diligence, that they might indeed be the children of faithful Abraham, not counting anything too dear to part with at the command of the Lord. I do not know when I have heard more earnest, fervent prayer, and the meeting broke up under a feeling of true solemnity. Bert returned home with us, and was as warm as possible; and the next day, according to agreement, Meille called and took us to the

different schools, in two of which he translated what was said into Italian in a most impressive manner. Christine said he seemed to be preaching himself, he spoke so earnestly. I forgot to say that, after the meeting on First day evening, we went to the Berts' to tea, and they all came to us the next evening. Charles Bunsen also came, and spent an hour with us very agreeably; and in the morning, when we reached the platform, we found our friends, the pastors, and an English lady by the name of Greenfield waiting to see us off,—no one more cordial than the Pastor Meille, with whom in those two days we formed a real friendship.

We have found large openings for books and money everywhere we have gone, and I have felt so much interest in many of their objects that I have been ready to wish my purse had no end. As to the fear that has been expressed that the Vaudois were in danger of being injured by kindness, I believe there is no truth in it. Many of the poor mountaineers have scarcely the means of subsistence, especially since the failure of the vine. This year, however, the chestnuts have been abundant, which is a merciful provision for them; and as to the pastors, they cannot be called hirelings, for they receive almost nothing for their truly laborious services,—going up the mountains in the depth of



winter, and sometimes not returning until late at night, plodding home through the snow. I thought, though peace of mind might pay for such exertion, no money ever could, certainly not the pittance they receive.

On Third day morning we left Turin and went on to Genoa, where I felt no inclination for a meeting, and my faith was confirmed on finding that there could have been no opening for one if I had, for the Protestant flock in that city is small and scattered, and understand only Italian.

However, I did not feel at liberty to leave on Fourth day, though I could not tell why, but in the course of the morning Christine incidentally heard that the Duchess of Orleans was in the neighborhood, and as I had all along been under the impression I should see her somewhere, though I had no idea where she was, I concluded to write her a line and ask for an interview the following day, when we found we should pass her door. Accordingly, at a quarter past eleven we were there,—an unreasonable hour, to be sure, but we were bound to a certain stopping-place, and could not help it. A German lady met us in the drawing-room, and told us she had written to appoint “one o’clock” for our call; wished to know if we could not wait, as the Duchess was engaged with her drawing-master. I replied

that I should be very sorry to disturb her, but that I believed we must be going on our way, and was about to leave a message, when she interrupted me, exclaiming, "Oh, but she says she must see you; so if you cannot wait she will come down directly." In a very few minutes the sweet young creature appeared, looking extremely delicate, but gentle and lovely as ever. She led me to a seat on the sofa, and referred to our former interview with much interest and feeling; said she had read Sir Fowell Buxton's life, and wished to know whether I could not recommend her some more such religious biographies. After conversing pleasantly for a short time, I asked for a few minutes' silence, which she willingly assented to, and immediately informed the German lady of my request. I think I may truly say they were moments of fervent prayer that words might be given me suited to her need, and I trust they were not withheld, for as soon as I had ceased she seized my hand with affectionate earnestness, saying in broken English, "Oh, my dear friend, how shall I thank you for all your good words and all your great kindness to me? Will you continue your prayers for me when we are far separated? for I do so much need them." She then inquired where we had been and where we were going, showing much interest about it, and saying, with great em-



phasis, "I so like the Friends." When I bade her farewell she said, "And when do you go to England?" I told her I could not say exactly, but before very long. "Then," she said, quickly, "you will go to Claremont? The Queen will be glad to see you, and now you can tell her all about us." I gave her some books, and we parted most affectionately, she telling us that she believed a blessing would descend upon our mission. It was a truly interesting occasion, and one we shall not very soon forget.

Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh days were spent in travelling from Genoa to Mentone, where we are spending a quiet, peaceful Sabbath-day. I feel it a mercy to be here, with carpeted floors, soft beds, and every comfort, having a feverish influenza cold, which needs a little nursing. The weather, however, is lovely, and I trust it will soon wear off. Our journey by the Cornice road I will not attempt to describe. It was fearfully grand and beautiful. Indeed, we have had a feast of exquisite scenery. I had no idea of our having such a treat. It is truly touching to be at this lovely spot, reminding me at every turn of that precious brother, whose place will know him no more. To-morrow we go on to Nice, which will be yet more reminding.

How I wish you could share with me in the



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splendid scene that is just below my window,—the deep - blue Mediterranean glittering beneath the golden rays of the setting sun. We have been travelling beside it for the last three days.

E. P. G. to Sarah Gurney, daughter of Samuel Gurney.

CANNES, Eleventh mo. 25th, 1856.

On Fourth day morning a strange concern came over me; I felt it came in such a way I dare not turn from it. This was to ask for a religious interview with the Dowager Empress of Russia, who is spending the winter at Nice. Robert called upon the Baron Majendoof, and saw the Baroness, who took the note which I had written, and said she would show it to her husband, but seemed very doubtful about his handing it to the Empress. The next morning he called again by appointment and saw the Baron, but found the note had not been delivered. Indeed, the Baron thought it was quite impossible to trouble her with notes from any one. Her Imperial Majesty was very, very much engaged: she was expecting the High Priest every moment, and some of the royal family were to come to Nice in a day or two. Besides, he could not conceive what Madame Gurney could possibly want with the



Empress: she was not a "Quaker." The Empress had her own religion, and Madame Gurney had hers, and it was not likely she could convert her. R. Alsop assured him that I had no wish to make a Quaker of her; that I merely offered the visit in a feeling of Christian interest; that all we asked was that the Empress might see the note, and then, if she did not wish to receive us, we should be quite satisfied. At last he permitted the note should be delivered, and we should have an answer about five o'clock that evening. But about half-past two a special messenger was sent from the Empress, with a note to me from the Baron, saying the Empress would see me next morning,—the hour would be indicated at a later period. In the evening we had a meeting at the chapel, which I felt to be a very important one, and the preparatory baptism was almost as much as I knew how to bear. There was a large congregation, and after a short but solemn silence I rose with the words, "And they shall come from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God," which we afterward found was very applicable, as there were present Russians, Germans, French, Italians, Irish, English, Scotch, Dutch, Swiss, Vaudois, and Americans. I believe I may say the meeting was owned by the

Great Head of the Church. The people were as quiet and attentive as possible. This meeting was an inexpressible relief to me. Early the next morning came a note from our friend the Baron, to say the Empress would receive us at half-past twelve. R. and C. Alsop went with me, intending to go in, if they were not forbidden. We were soon shown up into an ante-room, and in a few minutes a very tall and stately-looking lady stood before us. We could not doubt for a moment who she was, for her whole presence was that of an Empress. She instantly took my hand and led me into her private drawing-room, R. and C. following, but leaving the astonished attendants behind.

Very soon she began speaking about our meeting the evening before, and said some of her people had attended. She spoke of my sister Fry, and of women's preaching, which she could not exactly understand; but she said, "You can hardly remember her, you are so very young." I assured her I was turned of fifty, at which she expressed great surprise, and told two of her ladies afterwards as a thing not to be believed. In the first place, she told us of her irreparable loss with much feeling. She said the Emperor was the noblest of men, and that she had not ceased to mourn for him day and night,—in fact, that she often prayed that her life might be



taken, she felt so desolate without him,—that they had not lived together as Emperor and Empress, but as husband and wife. She looked very pale and ill, and so full of feeling as truly to excite our sympathy; but it was no easy matter to address her as a minister just after she had expressed her astonishment that women should ever be called upon to preach. In this critical moment my gracious Lord did not forsake me. Indeed, I believe if ever I was empowered to preach the gospel, it was on this interesting occasion. I soon perceived the Empress was in tears, and after I had addressed her for about two minutes or more, we sat together in solemn silence for a little time, when she came to me very kindly and kissed me on both cheeks, thanking me for the visit, and expressing a desire that a blessing might descend upon it, or, as I believe, she said that the words spoken might be blessed to her. She then inquired how long I had been a minister, whether we were engaged on a religious mission, etc., and was much interested in hearing about the Vaudois; accepted some books I offered, and was surprised to find that Christine was a Frenchwoman, as she spoke English so correctly. The Empress herself speaks quite fairly, and said she understood every word I said, because I spoke so “simply and so distinctly.”

On the whole we felt deeply interested in our visit, and my heart was filled with sympathy for the poor dear Empress. Suffice it to say that our visit to Nice was full of intense interest.

E. P. G. to Josiah Forster.

CONGÉNIES, Twelfth mo. 3d, 1856.

. . . When we called to take leave, they were much interested in telling us about the conclusion of the meeting that we had at Nîmes on First day evening. A friend of Christine's also called and gave us an account of it. It appears that after we came away the people still kept their seats, though one or two persons standing round the pulpit beckoned them toward the door. For a little time they sat in profound silence; then the Methodist minister asked one of the Evangelical pastors if he had anything to say to them, on which he immediately commenced and recapitulated all I had said, commending it to their serious consideration, and expressed an earnest desire that they might never forget the gospel truths that had been proclaimed amongst them. Then Jean Monod (a pastor whose praise seems to be in all their churches) offered up fervent prayer that a blessing might descend upon the word preached, and upon us and our gospel mission; that we might be the means of winning



ELIZA P. GURNEY.

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many souls unto Christ, etc. They said it was really solemn and very interesting, because they did it so heartily, and they could not but wish we had been there.

I had quite the feeling that the meeting was not over, and I cannot but believe that these dear people spoke from right authority. Perhaps our not being present would make what they said afterward have even more effect.

E. P. G. to Jane Fox.

CONGÉNIES (GARD), Twelfth mo. 16th, 1856.

I must go back to Robert's leaving us at Nîmes on account of his mother's illness, of which thou hast no doubt heard. It was rather trying to part with him, but we were thankful to be in the midst of our friends when we heard the sad intelligence, and a day or two after he left we got a nice travelling carriage and came to this place, where we remained a week, attending meetings here and in the neighborhood, and on Third day, accompanied by a nephew of Christine's, we set off for St. Hippolite. I had asked this nephew to go with us, thinking it might be useful to him, as he appeared to be a really nice, intelligent young man, though neither he nor his father ever think of going to a place of worship



from one year's end to another, and yet I think they are nominally Friends.

On Third day evening we reached St. Hippolite, and a tremendous plunge I had on our arrival there, as Christine told me, if I wished to have the meetings I had spoken of, she ought to write at once and have them all appointed; then fancy me (my mind a perfect blank, and feeling just as if I might never be called upon to minister to any one) fixing to have three meetings, beside the one with Friends next morning at St. Hippolite !

Oh, how I thought of our dearest one saying "her soul was in a furnace" in seasons such as this; for, though I thought the expression was a strong one then, I now quite comprehend it. I went into the room to Fanny (who is as kind as possible), and told her I believed I must go home,—I could not bear this burthen any longer. However, I had a peaceful night, and the meeting with the Friends in the morning was quite a refreshment.

At Anduze we had a large meeting,—three or four hundred people I should think at least,—and to my own feelings it was one of the best we have held. When it was over we went up into the pastor's drawing-room, which was just above (for his chapel is in his own house), and, to our great surprise, it was full of people, they having gone up by



another way. It seemed impossible to keep them from falling into silence, there was such a sweet and solemn covering over us, and presently the pastor came to me with an urgent request to have a meeting on the following morning. I told him we wished to leave at eleven o'clock, and as we had engaged to breakfast with him and his wife at ten, there would be no opportunity for it, beside which I had not thought of having a second meeting in that place. All this he communicated to them, but they said they would be very glad to come at nine o'clock, and seemed so earnest about it that, although it was truly in the cross, I felt I dare not turn away. We have several times been solicited to hold a second meeting, but I never before have thought it was required of me to yield to the request. When we arrived in the morning the pastor's room was full, and a sweet and solemn time we had together, after which we went to Lasalle, where a meeting was appointed for the evening at seven o'clock; but about half-past six the pastor (who is a very young man and a converted Catholic) dispatched his servant to request we would come at once, for the chapel was quite full, and he did not know what to do with the people. When we reached his house he took us into a private room, and, with a look of much anxiety, wanted to know how we commenced

our meetings. On telling him "in silence," he seemed quite frightened, and said he was very much afraid his people would not understand it; for, although many of them were serious, and would come from a desire to be edified, yet there were others who would only come out of curiosity, and he could not answer for their behavior. Would it not be better to begin with a hymn? etc. I told him I did not think that was necessary, that we had generally found there was a Power over us which could silence them without the intervention of man, and I believed we might trust it on the present occasion.

Accordingly we walked into the chapel, and the moment we made our appearance, though the people were so much crowded that many were obliged to stand, they were all as quiet as possible, and the silence continued to be profound until we left the house. It was partly perhaps from awe and astonishment, there never having been a Friends' meeting in that place before, but I never witnessed a more serious or attentive assembly. The pastor, who has been instrumental of much good in the neighborhood, seemed thoroughly warmed up, and congratulated us on the successful issue of the undertaking, which he hoped might be blessed to the people.

**E. P. G. to Josiah Forster.**

ST. ETIENNE, First mo. 4th, 1857.

On Second day we proceeded (*viâ* Nîmes) to Valence, and on Third day morning we set off for Pia-loux, the residence of Bertrand Combe, which we found most difficult of access. It is more than twelve miles from Valence, and the roads are bad at best, but now, being filled with snow, we were compelled to leave the carriage and walk a long distance, though the weather was piercingly cold. However, a warm welcome awaited us, and we remained with that interesting family until Fifth day. On Fourth day afternoon, at my request, he collected his neighbors, amounting to fifty or sixty, and I do not remember that I ever was more sensible of the overshadowing wing of heavenly love than on that occasion. The next morning we had a very solemn and tendering opportunity with B. C.'s family, in which I believe we were every one of us brought to tears. The whole household seem devoted to the service of the Lord. Some one told us that every servant who came to live with them was sure to become serious before they left.

On Fifth day morning we came on to Annonay by way of Valence, Bertrand Combe accompanying us, with man and horse to drag us through the snow,



for several miles. Poor Claude Ruel was overjoyed at seeing us, and on Sixth day we had some interesting communication with him and the two or three other individuals who unite with Friends. Truly simple and honest-hearted Christians we found them. Claude himself is no common man, remarkably shrewd and discerning, uniting the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove. In the evening we had a meeting with the "Dissidents," or dissenters from the National Church, held in their own little chapel. There were nearly two hundred present, and some of them sympathized in good degree with many of the views of Friends. After we had been sitting a little while in profound silence, one of the Darbyists arose and said he felt bound to testify against the ministry of women, referring the people to chapter and verse in the Bible to prove they were forbidden to speak. Having borne his testimony, which he did in no very Christian spirit, he walked out of the meeting, which remained as quiet as possible, being wholly unmoved by what he said.

It was rather curious that at that very moment my mind was dwelling on the enmity of the carnally-minded Jews to the spiritual nature of the gospel dispensation: "How can this man give us His flesh to eat?" etc., and in connection with it the conver-



sation of our Lord with the woman at Jacob's well, her leaving her water-pot and going into the city to preach Christ, that many of the Samaritans believed on Him because of her word. Having understood very little that he said, I rose directly after he was gone and dwelt some time on the subject, as I afterwards found, to the surprise and satisfaction of some of the company, who were much annoyed by the attempt of the Darbyist to disturb and unsettle the meeting. I think, however, it will all be overruled for good, as there were several present who sometimes attend the reunions, and the spirit which this man manifested may tend to open their eyes. I have seldom been at a more solemn meeting; perhaps the solemnity was increased by this singular circumstance, as no one appeared to sympathize with the zealous opposer. On Seventh day noon we came to St. Etienne, and this morning we have had a truly interesting meeting with the little flock of serious-minded people, who in great measure sympathize with Friends. It was indeed a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. There are about a dozen of them altogether, and we felt that to most, if not all, we could extend the right hand of fellowship and own them as brethren in the Lord. One young man in particular seems to be an "Israelite indeed in whom there is no guile," and

strongly attached to our principles. There appears to have been no human instrumentality employed in gathering this little flock to the simplicity of the truth as it is in Jesus, but they have lately been reading some of our books with much interest. The essay on "Love to God" they spoke of as being very precious to them, and so did the flock at Annonay.

To-morrow we are going to Lyons, where we may spend a day or two, from thence to Paris, and if we find we may leave Germany till warmer weather, we may be at home next week.

E. P. G. to Katharine Backhouse.

PARIS, First mo. 13th, 1857.

As soon as I arrived in Paris I felt I was in bonds and dare not move, though we were greatly longing to get on, and nothing opening at first made the detention still more trying to us. I felt it right, however, to invite some Christian friends to meet us here last evening, and a choice company we had, although a small, select one. I did not like to have the notice given publicly, and now I find there are a number, even in this hotel, who much regret they did not know of it. A gentleman named St. Hilaire, who is said to be one of the first men in France, a professor in the Sorbonne and a true evangelist, came with his amiable wife, and at the conclusion of



the meeting, after we had been sitting in profound silence for some little time, he offered up a most solemn prayer, not only for a blessing on the evening, and that our thus coming together might be for the good of our immortal souls, but he prayed fervently that the Lord of the vineyard would bless the seed that had been sown in every field in which we had been laboring; that He would bless the Society to which we belonged; that His choicest blessings might descend upon us and upon every mission in which He might be pleased to employ us. It was very striking, coming from such a man, and truly under the anointing. Directly afterward, and before we sat down, the Methodist or Wesleyan minister offered up fervent prayer, so that it was a truly solemn opportunity. At Lyons we had a much larger and very interesting meeting,—four or five pastors present, who seemed very cordial afterwards.

Fourth day.

We spent a very pleasant evening at the Coque-rels'. He is an uncommonly interesting man, but slightly tinctured with Unitarianism, which caused me to pass through some suffering, that ended in faithfully preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ: "Take heed to yourselves and to the flock," etc. And when, after sitting a short time in silence, he rose and, taking me by the hand, said, very earnestly,

"Madame, we cannot thank you for what you have said," I confess I was a little frightened. He added, however, directly, "But I sincerely trust we shall profit by it. You have spoken truth in so much love and with such sincerity, we cannot help receiving it, and may the Lord abundantly bless you, and bless your labors in His name!" I do not know when I have met with a person of a more lovely spirit. He is very popular here with a certain class, and all speak highly of him.

The magnificent rooms we have here are a striking contrast to some we have occupied. I am afraid I like the luxuries of life too well.

Adele Revel to E. P. G.

LA TOUR, February 3d, 1857.

DEAR AND PRECIOUS FRIEND,—It was indeed a great delight to me yesterday to receive a letter from dear friend Josiah Forster, announcing your safe arrival in England. I have followed you with my thoughts ever since we parted, and I prayed God that He would keep you as the apple of His eye, and bring you safe home, doing His work as you went along. Oh, may you have been the means of drawing many to inquire about the salvation of their souls, and strengthening many who are still wavering between the world and Christ! not by might,



nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord. Yes, that earnest waiting to be made an instrument in His hands, ascribing all the glory to Him, is the way we can best glorify and serve Him. I hope it may be with many as it is with me: your visit has left a fragrance inexpressibly sweet. I feel that I am bound to you with a tie that will only tighten till we meet to part no more. It does me good to recall the sweet communions we held together, to dwell upon them, to wait in silence for the Spirit to seal them upon my heart. I know and feel that you continue to pray for me, that I may be kept steadfast in the faith.

In the Seventh month, 1857, E. P. Gurney felt herself once more constrained to visit the Continent on a similar mission to that of the preceding year, Robert and Christine Alsop being again her efficient helpers. Their route this time lay through parts of Switzerland and Germany.

While at Potsdam they became deeply interested in the case of a young man who had been long imprisoned for his conscientious refusal to bear arms. Exerting themselves to obtain some relief for him, they were finally gratified by learning that he had been liberated through the representations they had been able to make to those in authority.

A remarkable interview with the royal family of Prussia is thus described by E. P. G.:

E. P. G. to J. H. Gurney and E. Barclay.

REHME, Seventh mo. 25th, 1857.

I was scarcely able to be off the sofa till Fifth day, when, thinking we must really make a start, and yet not feeling at liberty to leave Potsdam without seeing the King, by the advice of our most kind doctor, we concluded to drive to Sans Souci about ten o'clock, ask for the Lord Chamberlain, and send in our cards. When we got to the palace door, we saw Count Keller standing on the terrace, and Robert went up to him at once; but he told him the King was fully occupied, and could not even be spoken to till two o'clock; that they were not at liberty to send anything in after he had commenced with the business of the day. Robert asked him if there was any probability of our seeing him at two o'clock; but he thought it very doubtful, as many of his family were about him; and Robert returned to the carriage quite disheartened. I begged him to ask Count Keller to speak to me. He did so, and I saw, the moment he took me by the hand, his resolution was shaken. Perhaps my sad and pallid countenance made him relent, perhaps some sense was



given him that I was striving to obey the "King of kings." At all events he took my card at once, and said he would soon ascertain whether His Majesty had really commenced his business; if not, he would send it in. Directly the coachman was beckoned to drive to the door; the good, kind count was there to hand me out and offer me his arm into the ante-room, where we waited about five minutes, when the King appeared. He was most kind and cordial, exclaiming, as he took my hand, "The prisoner is liberated, and he will go to England." He then spoke warmly of my sister Fry and the dear party that accompanied her in 1841, then of my illness, how I liked his doctor, etc. "But I will call the Empress: she wishes to see you, and tells me you are an old friend of hers,—she saw you at Nice." While he was gone, the Chamberlain told us that it was in consequence of the Empress being with him my card was sent in. If she had not been there, he would of course have been engaged in business. If she had not been there, we should have missed the opportunity of seeing her, and this I should greatly have regretted. Why was she with the King just at that moment when the poor Quakers stood before the door? "Whoso is wise and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord." Directly the large folding-doors

were opened, and certainly the scene that presented was enough to dazzle our unpractised eyes.

The King, the Queen, the Empress, the Grand Duke Michael, and a beautiful Princess of Baden, to whom he is betrothed, appeared before us. The Empress was splendidly attired in rich white silk with lilac flounces, which is, I have been told, the Russian mourning. Her tall, elegant, and graceful figure set off the enormous width of her hooped skirts. The Queen in blue and white; the King dressed like a private gentleman, except perhaps a little extra lacing on the collar. I think I hardly ever spent so much time in describing dress before, but really the picture before us was one long to be remembered. Two ladies in waiting, Count Keller, and the aide-de-camp filled up the group. The Empress raised her hands on seeing me, exclaiming, "My dear friend!" and gave me both her cheeks to kiss very affectionately. Perhaps that is hardly the word, as she is remarkably stately and dignified, and not very warm in her manner by any means, yet to me she was truly kind, saying, "You must sit down; you are too ill to stand." And seating me beside her on the sofa, she asked me many questions,—where we had been, how long I had been ill, etc.,—saying she had just that moment heard we were at Potsdam. But my heart was too heavy to go on, so



in my usual rather stupid way, which she did not appear to observe, I said, in great simplicity, "Will the Empress ask the King if we may sit in silence?" not thinking of her leaving her seat. However, she jumped up directly and went to the other side of the room, where the King was, and in a moment he was looking about for a chair, for, as they always stand in the royal presence, there were only a very few in the room. All this I learned from Christine afterwards, as I was too much absorbed by my own feelings to observe what passed around me.

We fell at once into a solemn silence, and I think I may truly say I was helped by my gracious Lord to declare His truth, being remarkably without any might or power of my own. With the Empress on one side, and the King on the other, I felt just as quiet and composed as I did in the cell of the prisoner, and was enabled fully to relieve my mind, addressing them for nearly half an hour, without interpretation of course, as they all speak English. A profound silence reigned whilst I was speaking, and for some minutes afterwards, and then the King seized my hand and said, with much emotion, "I thank you a thousand times for your good desires for me. May all the blessings you have asked for me come down upon your own head a hundredfold. God bless you! God bless you!" We were now

standing, and the Empress put her arm round the King's neck and kissed him in the most affectionate and sisterly manner. It was a striking scene. She also evinced much feeling, and said to me, very kindly, "I am so glad to have met you again." The sweet Princess of Baden came up and kissed me warmly, and the Grand Duke shook hands with me in the kindest manner, and with great simplicity, reminding me a little of Sir Edward Buxton, though not at all resembling him in person, being a well-bronzed Russian of the hardier sort. The Queen appeared to me the least impressible, but she is very open and good-tempered, apparently forgetting she is a Queen herself, and suffering others to forget it also. She spoke to me about my sister Fry, and said she "loved her dearly;" and Christine says she questioned her about our darling Anna, and seemed much interested in hearing of her precious boy, saying she well remembered her, and Bessie also. After spending about three-quarters of an hour with this singularly interesting party, we took our leave, the Empress again giving me her cheeks to kiss, and begging me to remember her in my prayers. Poor dear! she looks less oppressed with grief than when I saw her before, but still she is, I am sure, a thorough mourner. Had I been well enough to see the King when I first proposed it, I should have missed



this interview with her, as she did not arrive at Potsdam until two days afterwards, so that surely I may say with the apostle, "In all things I am instructed." It is now the 27th of the month, and my letter is not yet off, and I find there are one or two things I omitted to tell thee. One is that when we came to settle with our kind physician he quite declined receiving anything, but asked how to spell my name, and said he must make his report to the King; so thou seest I was in fact a royal patient. However, of course, before we left the place we sent the kind doctor a present. I liked him very much, and cannot but believe he is a serious man.

E. P. Gurney had long felt desirous of paying a visit of sympathy to the ex-Queen of the French, the widow of Louis Philippe, and her grandsons, at Claremont. This she was enabled to accomplish, in company with her friend John Hodgkin, in the Seventh month, 1858. The following is part of her description of this occasion:

E. P. G. to Lady Buxton.

Seventh mo. 20th, 1858.

. . . We were first ushered into an anteroom, and presently the Countess, . . . a very agreeable person, appeared, and conducted us into a large and

pleasant-looking drawing-room, where we conversed about five minutes, and then the poor dear sorrow-stricken Queen made her appearance. I don't know why, but I felt touched at seeing her, she looked so pale and altered; and then it was not easy to forget that four of the small company who met at Neuilly were gone, and would be seen of men no more,—in fact, that we two were the only ones remaining. She took me by the hand, very affectionately, and led me to a chair, at the same time requesting John Hodgkin to be seated, whom I introduced as the brother of Dr. Hodgkin; and she directly said, "Ah, he is a very clever doctor: he is so good for my son." Very soon the Queen made some allusion to our visit to Neuilly in 1843, which she seemed to remember well, spoke of my sister Fry and her works of charity with animation; and now she said, "You are following in her footsteps," which I disclaimed. But she persisted in it, saying, "Yes, you are; you go about doing good, and so did she, and now I hear you are going to America." I had previously made some allusion to the loss they had met with, expressing my hearty sympathy, which was kindly and gratefully received. The tears came in her eyes as she said, "Ah, you are very kind. She was a great loss for me. And then there were two in six months,—two in six months,"



she repeated, with much feeling, referring to the Duchess de Nemours. I presently mentioned her grandsons, inquiring how they were. She replied, "They are very well," and added, to my great relief, "they are both here." I ventured to ask if we could see them, adding that the duchess had regretted they were not at home when I had the pleasure of seeing her at Sestri. She said they were very much occupied in preparing for their Continental journey, as they intended to set out the following day but one; she would, however, send to inquire if they could come down for a little while, and requested John Hodgkin to ring the bell. It was answered immediately, and she spoke most politely to the servant, desiring him to be so good as to inform her grandsons that Madame Gurney was here, and would like to see them. Almost directly the Comte de Paris made his appearance. I was quite struck with the amiability and frankness of his manner as he came toward me and shook hands cordially; and when I made an allusion to his mother, he said, "Oh, yes, I have often heard her speak of you; and I was very sorry not to be at home when you were there." On hearing that J. Hodgkin was Dr. Hodgkin's brother, he shook hands warmly with him, saying he knew the doctor, and that he had met him lately. He asked how long I had been in Italy, Germany,

etc., and presently the Duc de Chartres appeared, who also greeted us in a most friendly manner. My heart was heavy laden all this time, and I felt I could do nothing else but ask for silence, which the Queen very kindly granted us, observing that her grandsons' time was closely occupied, and they could not remain very long; on which I said I hoped that I should not improperly detain them, but was quite reassured by the emphatic answer of the dear young Count: "Not at all, not at all, I assure you." We then fell into solemn silence, and I think I may say I was strengthened by that gracious Saviour, who is a present help in every time of need, completely to relieve my burthened mind, both to the Queen and to those two dear young men, toward whom I felt remarkably attracted. The Queen looked very serious, and bowed her head repeatedly in token of assent while I was speaking; and afterwards she thanked me warmly for my good desires for them, saying very earnestly, "Pray for me, pray for my children, pray for my grandchildren," motioning toward them as she spoke. Some allusion had been made to the probability of our never meeting in this world again, and the hope expressed that, through the riches of redeeming mercy, we might all re-assemble round the Throne, to which she thoroughly responded, saying, "That is



the happy meeting-place ; there is no parting there," or words to this effect. John Hodgkin set his seal impressively to what I had communicated, and made a few appropriate remarks ; and then the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres both thanked us warmly for the kind interest we had manifested. Not knowing how to address them, I had said, "My dear young friends, if you will so allow me to call you ;" and directly after the opportunity was over the Count most kindly took my hand, and said with earnestness, "Yes, you may call us your dear friends, for you have been true friends to us, and we do thank you very much." The Duc de Chartres then took my other hand, saying, "We are so much obliged to you." And as I stood between those dear young men, holding a hand of each, I really felt a hearty love for them, and, making some allusion to their sainted mother, which they both seemed to feel, I expressed in a few words my heartfelt prayer even that the best of blessings might descend upon them. Thus ended this deeply interesting interview, and we left Claremont with a feeling of peace and relief which we could indeed acknowledge to be an abundant compensation for the effort and exercise this visit had cost us.

E. P. G. to J. K. Clarke.

EARLHAM ROAD.

MY VERY DEAR SISTER,—It is indeed a favor, and one which I desire to be thankful for, to be permitted once again to date my letters from this peaceful home, after an absence of four months, and many heights and depths and sparing mercies. How great is the goodness of our Father in heaven to His unworthy children! I rather shrank from returning to my desolate habitation without one kindred heart to welcome me; but I had two nice young French companions, and the maids came out to meet me, looking so neat and nice in their light muslin dresses, and all seemed so pleased to see their mistress safe at home again; but, above all, such an unusual flood of heavenly peace was poured into my heart that, as I roamed about the velvet lawn and flowery garden, I felt indeed I could adopt the language, "We are abundantly satisfied with the goodness of Thy house. Thou hast made us to drink of the river of Thy pleasures."

With the foregoing and some other religious service, E. P. Gurney's mission abroad seemed to be accomplished, and on the 28th of the Eighth month, 1858, she took her final leave of England,



followed, as before, by the loving remembrance of her relatives and friends in that land, as evinced by their letters of affectionate interest.

Katharine Backhouse to E. P. G.

Twelfth mo. 29th, 1858.

. . . Now the time draws near for this to go to the post, and what more can I say to thee, beloved one, but "grace, mercy, and peace be with thee," through Him who has loved thee and given Himself for thee? Oh, blessed provision for all who love the Saviour in truth and sincerity! Here thou and I may meet, if nowhere else.

Esther Seeböhm to E. P. G.

Third mo. 27th, 1859.

. . . I have long deferred the expression of the grateful sense of thy various kindnesses, which lives in my heart, and often brings thee in vivid colors before me, not only as the generous friend, the sympathizer in the trials of the earthly pilgrimage, but as the messenger of comfort and instruction, the advocate of the great and glorious cause. These, in looking round, seem few and far between; and the thought that thou art no longer one of us in person, though still near in spirit, is not one we like to entertain. But we know thou art amongst those

whom thou loves and serves, and who greatly need thy sympathy and encouragement; therefore in this, and all other things, be it ours to say, "The will of the Lord be done."

E. P. Gurney continued diligent in the exercise of her precious gift in the ministry, both in her own meeting and in several visits to neighboring Yearly and other meetings. Of most of these but few memoranda are to be found. The following letter refers to one of these engagements :

W. J. Allinson to E. P. G.

First mo. 16th, 1860.

How often, dear friend, I have thanked God for thee, that He has enabled thee so truly to maintain the sacred trust given thee as the partner of such an one! His reputation, safe in the Record-book on high, is in another sense safe in thy keeping, and no words can tell the tenderness of feeling with which we associate the two links, one bright in the ineffable glory, the other kept bright amid the tarnishing influences of time, through Him "who is a crown of glory and a diadem of beauty to the residue of His people."



Thomas Evans to E. P. G.

Fifth mo. 12th, 1860.

It was no surprise to me to hear thou wert going from home. It came vividly before me while confined to my bed, about Yearly Meeting time, and brought me into near feeling with thee. I was ready to wonder at my feelings, and almost to call them into question as the working of a lively imagination. Well, my friend, go on in thy simplicity; and though thou may seem to have neither scrip nor staff, bow nor spear, yet, trusting in the God of Israel, He will be thy shield and buckler, give thee the gospel sling and the smooth stone from Shiloh's gentle brook, guide them by His eye, and make them effective through the power of His own spirit. What a mercy that we poor, short-sighted creatures are not obliged to plan and contrive and carry out our work for ourselves, but have a gracious Master who goes before, opens the way and appoints the work, and clearly shows what it is, and then gives wisdom and strength to perform it, so that we have no need to puzzle or trouble ourselves about it, but simply follow His leading and do His bidding! Do not let in any doubts or reasonings, but just go quietly on, trusting in and leaning wholly on Him, and He will bring thee safely through, and

cause thee in humble gratitude to set up thy Ebenezer.

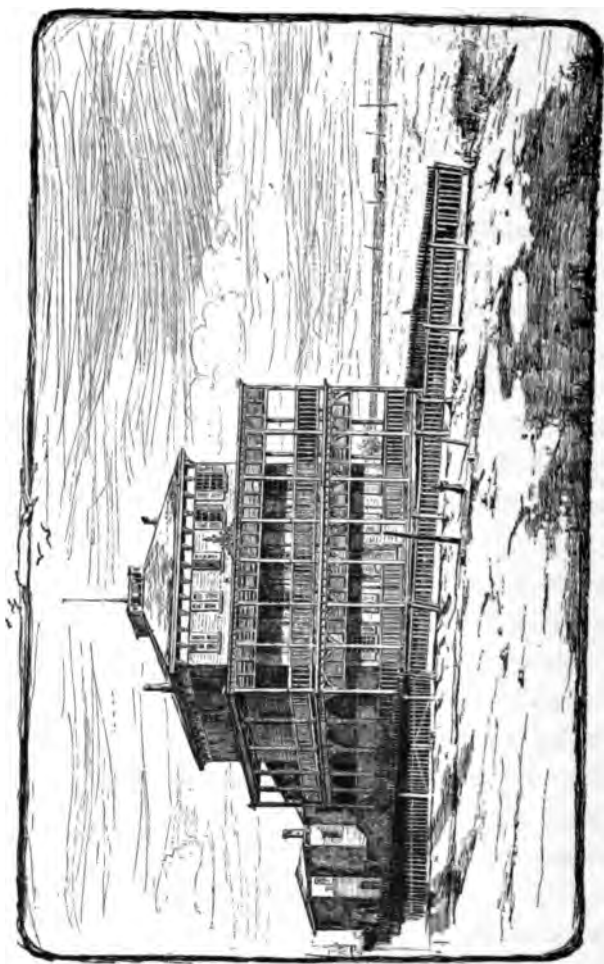
E. P. Gurney's beloved friend and relative, John Hodgkin, was at this time engaged in extensive religious service in this country, making West Hill a point of occasional resort when his duties permitted, to their mutual comfort and refreshment. Allusion is made in the following letter to one of these visits :

E. P. G. to C. W. Stroud.

Fifth mo. 13th, 1861.

We have just said farewell to our friends in a feeling of true peace, after a precious parting opportunity,—a “season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.” What shall we render unto Him for all His benefits? for this fresh token of His loving care in sending to His weary heritage a publisher of peace, a bringer of glad tidings, declaring unto Zion and to Zion's children, “Thy God reigneth”? I cannot describe the deep and varied interest of his visit here,—the public meetings, the family visiting, the precious opportunities, both social and religious, which have been graciously vouchsafed to us in our peaceful domicile, the quietude and repose of which, he said, had been a true enjoyment to him; and he does not leave us with any feeling of not seeing us





EARLEHAM LODGE, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.



again. The meeting at Mount Holly was crowded and a remarkable occasion. At Rancocas we have heard it was a striking time.

A painful affection of the eyes and head, often known as "rose cold," which was aggravated by the luxuriant vegetation of West Hill, rendered it desirable for E. P. Gurney to seek a sea-shore resort during the summer months. With this view she erected a beautiful and commodious cottage at Atlantic City, on the New Jersey coast, commanding an extensive view of the ocean, and swept by its health-giving breezes. To this delightful retreat, which she called Earlham Lodge, she continued to repair every summer during the remainder of her life, finding compensation for her voluntary exile in greatly increased vigor and comfort, and, with her unfailing hospitality, sharing the benefit she received with numerous relatives and friends, who came at her generous bidding in almost constant succession.

Nor was she unmindful in her retirement of her higher duties. Atlantic City had at this time a large floating population and various places of public worship, but no established meeting of Friends, although many of that denomination were among its visitors. A little congregation of these had for three or four years been accustomed to gather on First



day during the summer in the cottage of John M. Whitall, kindly offered for their reception. E. P. Gurney felt it incumbent upon her to open her spacious parlors to those who felt disposed to sit down with her for divine worship on First day morning, after the manner of Friends, and large companies frequently availed themselves of the privilege. One of her nieces describes these meetings as "often crowded with a mixed company of gay, fashionable people, mingling there with simple Quakers, all appearing solemnized and impressed, both by the silent worship and the loving, powerful appeals to accept the truth as it is in Jesus. Many were the sorrowing, heavy-laden hearts that were comforted and cheered."

The notice of E. P. Gurney by J. B. Braithwaite, before referred to, quotes from one of her own letters as follows :

"I can hardly tell thee what these meetings are to me,—both our large parlors and the hall packed closely every First day morning, and myself feeling so poor and weak to be made an instrument in feeding the multitude. But I am bound in gratitude to say that the great Minister of ministers makes Himself known amongst us, blesses the bread and breaks it, and condescends to employ one of the most unworthy of His servants to hand it to the almost



famished ones, of whom there are not a few in this vicinity, weary of forms and panting for the substance. With such as these we have sometimes been permitted to sit down, as at the table of the Lord, enjoying true communion, and realizing that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

E. P. G. to Thomas Evans.

. . . Thy sympathy with my religious exercises is truly helpful to me, for no one but my heavenly Father knows the depths that I have passed through in this place year after year. These never have been greater than the present summer, when people of all classes and denominations come thronging into our parlors till they are quite filled. The last two weeks our meetings were unusually crowned by a remarkable solemnity.

. . . And now, my dear friend, I may tell thee that the encouragement contained in thy letter was truly helpful to me in discharging what I felt to be my duty in one of the most exercising meetings I have yet attended. But, oh! how all that is within me shrinks from this continuous labor, except indeed the earnest wish to be found fully faithful to my God. I had not the least anticipation of this sort of service in coming here, and it is so unlike

my home experience. But I suppose the constant changes in the gatherings at this place, in part at least, account for this; and I can truly say the only time I have felt condemnation was when I wilfully resolved on one occasion to hold my peace; and there were several there to whom I never, in all human probability, shall be again permitted to declare the blessed tidings of salvation through a risen Lord.

I thought thou ought to know how much thou hadst helped and comforted a poor, weak, faltering sister by the abounding consolation wherewith, I do believe, thou hast thyself been comforted of God.

Thomas Evans to E. P. G.

PHILADELPHIA, Eighth mo. 21st, 1862.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,—It has given me pleasure to learn that thy sea-side home has proved a means of relief from some of the distress in thy eyes; and I doubt not the benefit it has enabled thee to confer on others, by the exercise of a generous and noble hospitality, bringing not a few within the healthful influence of ocean breezes who would not otherwise have partaken of them, affords thee solid satisfaction. If there is anything that renders wealth desirable, it is the pleasure it confers by thus benefiting others; but too often, when the means are possessed, the open heart and liberal hand thus to employ it are



wanting. Go on, my dear friend, in thy Christian munificence, and a blessing will attend it. I have received some very interesting accounts of your religious meetings. The burden must rest heavily on thee and our dear friends, J. M. and M. Whitall; but don't shrink from it, for if only one soul is helped on its way heavenward the reward will be abundant, and he that watereth others shall be watered himself. . . . Some memorable instances of strangers, attracted by curiosity, being unexpectedly arrested, and broken and contrited to many tears, have lately come under my notice; so that I am prepared to say, Go on in faith, following the leadings of the Good Shepherd. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand," whenever the Master bids; for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that. And the promise is sure that "His word shall not return unto Him void, but shall prosper in that whereto He sends it."

Thomas Evans to E. P. G.

Tenth mo. 16th, 1862.

. . . The Lord's ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as ours. He works by means which to human apprehension seem foolish and despicable, but being of His ordering, and sanctified by His spirit, they are fruitful of holiness, and no flesh can

glory in them. We need have no fear or anxiety as to the result of means which He appoints, weak and inadequate as they may seem to us. How precious is that word of ancient declaration to the soul that is emptied of itself and of all sense of good: "My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory, by Christ Jesus. Be of good cheer, and go on in faith, nothing doubting." . . . Thy precious letter was as welcome as it was unexpected, and I felt really obliged to thee for making the effort to write it. I derived comfort from the fact that thy feelings were so much like those I had been laboring under, and to me thou wast made a messenger of consolation. Ah, what a mystery this is to the men of this world,—that when poor and needy, and destitute of nearly all sense of good, the servant of Christ is yet made the minister of good to others, and, after watering them, has to return again, perhaps, to her own feeling of drought and emptiness! Is it not a striking and convincing proof that the service is of the Lord, and not of man's contrivance? Be encouraged, my dear sister, to wait upon thy gift; diligently occupy it, and thou wilt reap the reward.



CHAPTER VI.

THE outbreak of the Rebellion in the Southern States occurred in 1861, threatening for a time the disruption of the government, and shrouding all hearts in sorrow and dismay with its constantly accumulating horrors. E. P. Gurney, in common with her peaceful sect, naturally felt her sympathies called into their fullest exercise for those at the head of affairs, that they might be rightly guided in this momentous crisis.

In Tenth month, 1862, she felt constrained to pay a religious visit to Abraham Lincoln, then President of the United States, in which she was accompanied by John M. Whittall, Hannah B. Mott, and James Carey; and after some difficulty in obtaining an interview, waiting two days for the purpose, during which their faith was sorely tried, to use her own words, "The great iron door seemed to open of itself." J. B. Braithwaite remarks, in the notice previously quoted from: "It was on the morning of the first day of the week, in a beating rain, that the little party

repaired to the White House, where they were at once introduced into the private apartment of President Lincoln. They quickly recognized his tall, commanding figure as he rose to receive them; and the cordial grasp of his hand as they were separately named to him at once placed them at ease. Deep thoughtfulness and intense anxiety marked his countenance, and created involuntary sympathy for him in this great national crisis. He at first supposed E. P. Gurney to be from England, but was soon undeceived."

One of the party, in describing the visit, remarked: "It was a time not soon to be forgotten; the deep solemnity, the almost awful silence that reigned within that room formed, as thou wilt believe, a striking contrast to the fearful scene of strife and carnage that was enacted, almost within sight, just on the other bank of the Potomac. And then to see the tears run down the cheeks of our honored President as E. P. Gurney solemnly addressed him! I cannot possibly describe the impressive scene. When prayer was offered, he reverently bowed his head, and certainly evinced deep feeling. When we rose to go, he very kindly took leave of us all, and, retaining E. P. Gurney's hand, he made a beautiful response to what had been previously said. Her address to him was taken down from memory by



our little party,—at least an outline of it,—and it is as follows:

“‘I can truly say it is not from any motive of idle curiosity that I have requested this interview. I come in the love of the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,—that blessed gospel which breathes glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to men. In common with the members of my own Society,—may I not say in common with every true-hearted citizen of the United States?—my spirit has been introduced into near sympathy with our Chief Magistrate in the heavy weight of responsibility that rests upon him; believing, as I do, that in the faithful discharge of his various and important duties he does endeavor to preserve a conscience void of offence toward God and man. And earnestly have I desired that when weighted with cares and anxieties he may commit his way unto the Lord, that he may be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, he may let his requests be made known unto God; and then, whatever the trials and perplexities he may have to pass through, the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, will keep his heart and mind, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

“‘In common with thousands and tens of thousands on both sides of the Atlantic, my heart has re-

joined in the noble effort which our honored President has made to keep the true fast,—the fast which the Lord hath chosen,—to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burthens, to let the oppressed go free; and I assuredly believe that for this magnanimous deed the children yet unborn will rise up and call him blessed in the name of the Lord. But trials and persecutions are the lot of all who endeavor to maintain a just weight and a just balance, and who desire to be found walking in the path of uprightness. Then how sweet is the assurance to the Christian believer that God is his refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. There is a river the streams whereof make glad the whole heritage of God. And seeing how difficult it is to accomplish that which we wish, and how vain is the help of man, I have earnestly desired that the President might repair day by day, and oftener than the day, to this river of God, which is full of water, even to the well-spring of Eternal Life, that thus his spirit may be strengthened and refreshed, and be fitted for the right performance of his various and arduous duties; and by the grace of

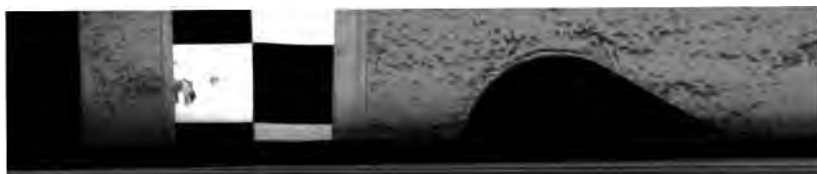


God he may be made an instrument in hastening the coming of that glorious day when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ, and He shall rule and reign forever and for evermore ; when swords shall be beaten into pruning-hooks, when nation shall no longer lift up sword against nation, nor the people learn war any more. What a glorious transition would be witnessed here, from a scene of desolation and sorrow and suffering to one of peace and joy and love ! The wilderness would become as Eden, the desert as the garden of the Lord ; joy and gladness would be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody. And now, my dear friend, if so I may be permitted to call thee, may the Lord bless thee and keep thee, lift up the light of His glorious countenance upon thee, and give thee peace ! How precious is the assurance, contained in the blessed book of Divine inspiration, that they that dwell in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty ! He shall cover them with His feathers, and under His wings shall they trust. His truth shall be their shield and buckler. A thousand may fall at their side, and ten thousand at their right hand, but it shall not come nigh them, because they have made the Lord their refuge, even the Most High their habitation ; there shall no evil

befall them, neither shall any plague come nigh their dwelling.

“‘ May this be thy blessed experience! May our Father in heaven guide thee by His own unerring counsel through the remaining difficulties of thy wilderness journey, bestow upon thee a double portion of that wisdom which cometh down from above, and, finally, when thou shalt have served thy generation according to the will of God, through the fulness of His atoning, pardoning love and mercy in Jesus Christ our Lord, receive thy ransomed spirit into that rest which remaineth for the people of God, unite it to the glorious company of victors whom the apostle saw standing on the sea of glass mingled with fire, having the harps of God in their hands! And they sang the song of Moses and the song of the Lamb, saying, “ Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are all Thy ways, thou King of saints. Who shall not fear before Thee and glorify Thy name, for Thou only art holy!” ’

“ E. P. Gurney then knelt in fervent prayer for her country and for the President, who appeared bowed under a sense of his deep responsibilities. After a solemn pause he replied, very deliberately, nearly in the following words :



"I am glad of this interview. In the very responsible situation in which I am placed, as an humble instrument in the hands of my heavenly Father, I have desired that all my words and actions may be in accordance with His will; but if, after endeavoring to do my best with the light which He affords me, I find my efforts fail, then I must believe that, for some purpose unknown to me, He wills it otherwise. If I had had my way, this war would never have been; but, nevertheless, it came. If I had had my way, the war would have ended before this; but, nevertheless, it still continues. We must conclude that He permits it for some wise purpose, though we may not be able to comprehend it; for we cannot but believe that He who made the world still governs it. I repeat that I am glad of this interview."

Nearly a year later, E. P. Gurney received a special request from the President, through Isaac Newton, United States Commissioner of Agriculture, that she would write to him; and having before had it on her mind to do so, she wrote the following:

To the President of the United States.

EARLHAM LODGE, Eighth mo. 18th, 1863.

ESTEEMED FRIEND, ABRAHAM LINCOLN,—Many times since I was privileged to have an interview

with thee, nearly a year ago, my mind has turned toward thee with feelings of sincere and Christian interest; and as our kind friend, Isaac Newton, offers to be the bearer of a paper messenger, I feel inclined to give thee the assurance of my continued hearty sympathy in all thy heavy burthens and responsibilities, and to express not only my own earnest prayer, but, I believe, the prayer of many thousands whose hearts thou hast gladdened by thy praiseworthy and successful efforts "to burst the bands of wickedness and let the oppressed go free" that the Almighty Ruler of the universe may strengthen thee to accomplish all the blessed purposes which, in the unerring counsel of His will and wisdom, I do assuredly believe He did design to make thee instrumental in accomplishing when He appointed thee thy present post of vast responsibility as the Chief Magistrate of this great nation.

Many are the trials incident to such positions, and I believe thy conflicts and anxieties have not been few. "May the Lord hear thee in this day of trouble, the name of the God of Jacob defend thee, send thee help from His sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion." The Lord fulfil all thy petitions that are put up in the name of the Prince of peace, of the increase of whose government and of whose peace He has Himself declared there shall never be an end.



I can hardly refrain from expressing my cordial approval of thy late excellent proclamation appointing a day of thanksgiving for the sparing and preserving mercies which, in the tender loving-kindness of our God and Saviour, have been so bountifully showered upon us; for though (as a religious people) we do not set apart especial seasons for returning thanks either for spiritual or temporal blessings, yet, as I humbly trust, our hearts are filled with gratitude to our Almighty Father that His delivering arm of love and power has been so manifestly round about us. And I rejoice in the decided recognition of an all-wise and superintending Providence, which is so marked a feature in the aforesaid document, as well as the immediate influence and guidance of the Holy Spirit, which perhaps never in any previous state paper has been so fully recognized before. Especially did my inmost heart respond to thy desire "that the angry feeling which has so long sustained this needless and cruel rebellion may be subdued, the hearts of the insurgents changed, and the whole nation be led through paths of repentance and submission to the Divine Will back to the perfect enjoyment of union and fraternal peace. May the Lord in His infinite compassion hasten the day! I will not occupy thy time unduly, but, in a feeling of true Christian sympathy and gospel love, com-

mend thee and thy wife and your two dear children to the preserving care of the unslumbering Shepherd, who in His matchless mercy gave His life for the sheep, who is alone able to keep us from falling, and, finally, when done with the unsatisfying things of mutability, to give us an everlasting inheritance among all them that are sanctified through the eternal spirit of our God.

Respectfully and sincerely thy assured friend,

ELIZA P. GURNEY.

In the following year President Lincoln sent to E. P. Gurney the following acknowledgment of her visit and letter :

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, September 4th, 1864.

ELIZA P. GURNEY :

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND,—I have not forgotten, probably never shall forget, the very impressive occasion when yourself and friends visited me on a Sabbath forenoon two years ago. Nor has your kind letter, written nearly a year later, ever been forgotten. In all it has been your purpose to strengthen my reliance on God. I am much indebted to the good Christian people of the country for their constant prayers and consolations, and to no one of them more than to yourself. The purposes of the Almighty are perfect, and must prevail, though we erring mortals




Executive Mansion,

Washington, September 4, 1864.

Eliza P. Gurney.

My esteemed friend,

I have not forgotten—probably never shall forget—the very impressive occasion when yourself and friends visited me on a Sabbath forenoon two years ago. Nor has your kind letter, written nearly a year later, ever been forgotten. In all, it has been your purpose to strengthen my reliance on God, I am much indebted to the good Christian people of the country for their constant prayers and consolations; and to none of them, more than to yourself. The purposes of the Almighty are perfect, and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive them in advance. We hoped for a happy termination of this terrible war long before this; but God knows best, and has ruled otherwise. We shall yet acknowledge His wisdom and our own error therein. Meanwhile we must work earnestly in the best light He gives us, trusting that so working still conduces



ces to the great ends he ordains. surely
he intends some great good to fol-
low this mighty convulsion, which no
mortal could make, and no mortal
could stay.

Your people—the Friends—have had,
and are having, a very great trial,
On principle, and faith, opposed to
both war and oppression, they cannot
by practical, oppose oppression by war.
In this hard dilemma, some have cho-
sen one horn and some the other.
For those appealing to me on conscien-
tious grounds, I have done, and shall do,
the best I could and can, in my own
conscience, under my oath to the law.
That you believe this I doubt not; and
believing it, I shall still receive, for
our country and myself, your earnest
prayers to our Father in Heaven.

Your sincere friend
A. Lincoln.



may fail to accurately perceive them in advance. We hoped for a happy termination of this terrible war long before this; but God knows best, and has ruled otherwise. We shall yet acknowledge His wisdom and our own error therein. Meanwhile we must work earnestly in the best light He gives us, trusting that so working still conduces to the great ends He ordains. Surely He intends some great good to follow this mighty convulsion, which no mortal could make, and no mortal could stay. Your people, the Friends, have had and are having a very great trial. On principle and faith opposed to both war and oppression, they can only practically oppose oppression by war. In this hard dilemma some have chosen one horn and some the other. For those appealing to me on conscientious grounds I have done, and shall do, the best I could and can, in my own conscience, under my oath to the law. That you believe this I doubt not, and, believing it, I shall still receive for our country and myself your earnest prayers to our Father in heaven.

Your sincere friend,

A. LINCOLN.

The original of the foregoing letter, which E. P. G. had treasured with great care, was finally presented by her, at the suggestion of William Edward

Forster, to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania for safe preservation.

The concluding letter of this interesting correspondence is subjoined :

To the President of the United States.

EARLHAM LODGE, Ninth mo. 8th, 1864.

ESTEEMED FRIEND, ABRAHAM LINCOLN,—I like to address thee in thy own familiar way, and tell thee how grateful to my feelings is thy valued and valuable letter, which I shall keep among my treasured things, and for which allow me to return thee my sincere and grateful thanks. In the close and absorbing occupation of thy daily life, I know it must be difficult to find a moment to appropriate to courtesies of this description, and I appreciate accordingly the generous effort thou hast made on my behalf, one which I certainly did not anticipate when, from a motive of sincere and Christian interest, I ventured to impose upon thee a written evidence of my unfeigned regard. The visit which I paid thee two years since, of which thou hast made such gratifying mention, was not, as I believe thou art aware, the effect of idle curiosity, but of a true concern which, as I cannot doubt, was laid upon me by my heavenly Father, and of which I could not possibly divest myself in any other way. So that, if



there was any consolation in the message, I believe thou mayest receive it as coming not truly from a very feeble and unworthy instrument, but from that gracious God who comforts all that mourn.

May He continue to sustain and strengthen, uphold and comfort thee in every future exigency; and when He has enabled thee, in the meekness and gentleness, the patience and forbearance, the firmness and integrity of the truth, to fulfil His gracious will, when all His blessed purposes concerning thee shall be accomplished, through His redeeming and unbounded mercy in the only Saviour, may He receive thy ransomed spirit into glory! Friends have been placed, as thou hast justly said, in a peculiar and somewhat anomalous position. Decidedly opposed to all oppression, and believing as they do that the holding of our fellow-men in cruel bondage is a sin of the deepest dye in the sight of a just and holy Judge, and earnestly desiring their enfranchisement from the galling chains imposed upon them by their task-masters, nevertheless they cannot conscientiously resort to arms even to effect this blessed and devoutly to be wished for end. The weapons of their warfare are not carnal. The Saviour has commanded them to love their enemies; therefore they dare not fight them. The only victory which they as followers of the Prince of peace can with

consistency rejoice in, is that which is alone obtained, through the transforming power of the grace of God, over the world, the flesh, and the Evil One. "This is the victory that overcometh the world," saith the apostle, "even our faith." And, again, "Who is he that overcometh the world but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God." May this vital, operative faith, which is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen, be more abundantly bestowed upon us! Then, though the surface may be tempest-tossed, being justified by faith, the believer in Jesus will have a holy calm, peace with God, a deep, still undercurrent of soul-satisfying happiness which even the rudest storms of time fail to disturb, and none of the vicissitudes of life have any power over. An heir of heaven, with childlike confidence he can adopt the language, "The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" "For in the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion, in the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me; He shall set me up upon a Rock, and now shall my head be lifted up above mine enemies; therefore will I offer in His tabernacle sacrifices of joy." That this may be thy blessed experience is the fervent desire of my heart. In conclusion, I would just remark that the



very kind consideration for the religious scruples of the Society of Friends which has been so invariably and generously manifested by the government, and especially by our honored Executive, has been fully and gratefully appreciated. I think I may venture to say that Friends are not less loyal for the leniency with which their honest convictions have been treated, and I believe there are very few amongst us who would not lament to see any other than Abraham Lincoln fill the Presidential chair, at least at the next election, believing as we do that he is conscientiously endeavoring, according to his own convictions of right, to fulfil the important trust committed to him, and to discharge the solemn duties of his high and responsible office, "not with eye-service, as men-pleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing God." May our worthy Chief Magistrate yet see the day when the Prince of peace, the Wonderful Counsellor, shall rule and reign over this now distracted country! The Union unbroken, the oppressed set free, and, instead of the sounds of lamentation and woe which now so often fill the heart with mourning, "Joy and gladness shall be heard therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody." That the Lord in His infinite compassion may hasten the day is the fervent prayer of thy sincere and obliged friend,

E. P. GURNEY.

After the close of the war in 1865, followed in a few days by the assassination of the President, E. P. Gurney had the mournful satisfaction of learning that "her first letter had been carefully treasured up by him, and was in his breast-pocket when the fatal shot reached him."

The summer of 1860 was saddened by the illness and death of E. P. Gurney's eldest sister, F. M. Shoemaker, of Philadelphia, a bereavement which affected her deeply.

In the autumn of the same year occurred a delightful incident in E. P. Gurney's now quiet life, in a visit from her husband's grandson, John Henry Backhouse, the son of Anna Backhouse, accompanied by his aunt, Eliza Barclay, and his tutor, William S. Lean. The little child whom E. P. G. had left in England, so sadly bereaved of his mother, had now grown into a tall youth of brilliant promise and attractive manners, and his loving attention to his grandmother and lively, intelligent interest in the novel scenes about him afforded her the highest gratification.

The party passed several weeks at West Hill and in various excursions, among which may be noted the attendance of North Carolina Yearly Meeting by E. Barclay and E. P. Gurney, which proved an interesting experience.

The visitors returned to England in First month, 1861.

E. P. G. to E. Barclay.

WEST HILL, First mo. 10th, 1863.

. . . My heart is turning toward thee and our dear John Henry with loving interest, and earnest is the breathing of my spirit that the new year on which we have just entered, may, through the riches of a Saviour's love, be full of choicest blessings to you both. And in this wish I would include the two dear youths who are so pleasantly associated with you, in whose best welfare I do feel the truest interest, both for their own and for their parents' sake. There is something saddening to most hearts in glancing at the pages of the old year's history, especially if we find recorded there, "somewhat against us," duties neglected, hours misspent, and talents misemployed. Though this may not apply to the three dear ones who are now thy charge, I have desired that on the unseen, unsullied pages of the coming year may be inscribed a covenant of life and peace, a covenant that never can be broken; that the blessed Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep may betroth them unto Him in loving kindness and tender mercy, and in very faithfulness; that they may "know the Lord," that so the beautiful inspired declaration may apply to each of them, "My cove-

nant was with him of life and of peace, and I gave them to him for the fear wherewith he feared me and was afraid before my name."

The memory of past griefs still from time to time cast a shadow over E. P. Gurney's spirit. She writes:

First mo. 5th, 1864.

. . . Alas! these solemn anniversaries! This was the seventeenth, and yet almost as sad as any that preceded it, everything did so vividly recall that awful, memorable day in 1847. The moon, that "faithful witness in heaven," seen through the hazy twilight of the early morning, just as I saw it then, just as I have continued to observe it since on each succeeding anniversary, the only time in the whole year I ever notice it; and then the ground all covered with its snowy shroud for the first time, as then. The resemblance was but too complete, making my heart ache painfully.

To-day, however, I can rise a little from this depth of sadness, and follow that most tenderly beloved and sainted one to his bright mansion of eternal joy. "When shall I wake and find me there?"

Amy Y. Tatum to E. P. G.

Ninth mo. 6th, 1866.

. . . I think of thee now, my beloved friend, as again enjoying thy pleasant winter house, I hope with increased health and strength. I could enter into thy feeling in relation to the duty which devolved upon thee in thy seaside home,—duty which necessarily involved peculiar exercise; but I do so value a clear spiritual vision where there is scarcely room to doubt the Divine requisition, that in thinking of thee as filling thy mission, though through many exercises, it may be through much fear and trembling,—yet, I do not, cannot doubt, with the peaceful consciousness that thou art following His bidding,—I think of thee, dear Eliza, as one peculiarly blessed of the Lord. . . . A little while and the blessed summons will reunite the members of the household of faith in that better land, where it will be their glorious privilege to offer, without interruption and from sanctified spirits, the tribute of praise to Him who has redeemed them, and washed their robes in His own precious blood. That this will be thy experience, my dearest friend, I do not for one moment doubt; and wilt thou not pray for me, that it may, through atoning mercy, be granted to thy friend to witness the efficacy of the blood of

sprinkling, that her sins, which are many, may be blotted out, and she too be admitted, even though it be to the lowest place in the heavenly kingdom ?

E. P. G. to M. Whitall.

Tenth mo. 31st, 1866.

. . . I was right glad to hear — was acknowledged, believing that the time had come for it. My heart salutes him in a fresh feeling, as I trust, of gospel love, and bids him cordially Godspeed. Dear fellow ! I do truly feel for him in entering as it were upon the conflict, remembering vividly “the misery and the affliction, the wormwood and the gall. My soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled within me.” I know this is not a popular doctrine in the present day, but I assuredly believe these painful humiliations are inseparable from a baptized and baptizing ministry, and therefore I could not ask exemption from them for any one I love. But may this youthful soldier “be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus,” willing to “be a partaker of the afflictions of the gospel,” not ashamed of the testimony of our Lord, but by the power of His spirit “rightly dividing the word of Truth,” fighting the good fight of faith, laying hold on eternal life ! May he at last receive the blessed welcome, not for any works of righteous-

ness which he hath done, but through the fulness of unmerited mercy: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

In 1866, E. P. Gurney was called to part with her beloved sister, Julia K. Clarke, who died Twelfth month 10th, after a lingering illness, in peace, and in confident hope of a blessed immortality. Remarkably warm and congenial in their feelings, yet of singularly independent judgment, the sisters had remained closely attached in heart through all the separations of their varied lives, and E. P. Gurney was deeply bowed under this affliction, in which her family and friends largely shared.

William J. Allinson to E. P. G. and M. A. W.

Twelfth mo., 1866.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I long to speak a word of sympathy, though I am well aware that, being comforted of God, the mere assurance of what you know we feel, cannot add to your consolation. What fulness of peace there is in the contemplation of dear J. K. Clarke's blessed decline and entrance into life! Her faith reminds me of the language respecting Abraham, that "He believed God, and it was imputed unto him for righteousness." How wonderful the completeness of her preparation! All last words and

leave-takings, all arrangements perfected; the full assurance of pardon, peace, and acceptance granted; the glorious rejoicing in a sense of the King's favor, yet with sweet humility recognizing it as all of grace and mercy; no cloud permitted to pass over the Sun, which had risen to set no more; the anointing for the burial continuing sweet and fragrant; the perfectly painless dismissal; the whole tending to the glory of God, and loudly preaching the need of readiness for the Messenger, who often, as in this instance, cometh in an hour when we think not.

John Hodgkin to E. P. G.

Seventh mo. 4th, 1868.

. . . I doubt not that with you, as well as with us, patience and faith are largely needed, lest we faint under the discouragements of the way. If this should reach thee whilst at Atlantic City, I must say to thee, as Moses did to Joshua, "Be strong, and of a good courage." It does seem to be a part of thy work which has in rather an especial manner been owned of the Lord.

Israel W. Morris to E. P. G.

GREEN HILL FARM, Fourth mo. 3d, 1868.

MY DEAR FRIEND, E. P. GURNEY,—In a letter received by me this day from our mutual friend, J. B.

Braithwaite, he says, "Will it be troubling thee too much for one of thy children to transmit a message of my dear love to E. P. Gurney? I often think of her, and had intended to write to-day. I hope to do so before long." Now love is so precious an article to deal in, that I have preferred myself to be the means for transmission, and it affords the facility to add that I am, in love, thy attached friend, Israel W. Morris.

The warrant for all this is abundantly afforded by Him in whom is our life, when He said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples: if ye have love one unto another." Farewell!

E. P. G. to Thomas Evans.

Fifth mo. 15th, 1868.

I have a letter from Charles L. Willits, saying that Friends of Haddonfield have come to the conclusion to hold a meeting at Atlantic City, of which I am truly glad. In some ways it will be a great relief to me, taking away the burthen of responsibility, which rested very heavily upon me. I do not see, however, how it would be possible to build a house in six or seven weeks, and think they must intend to rent a room.

The meeting referred to above was held for a time

in a room hired for the purpose, and under the care of a committee of Haddonfield Quarterly Meeting. A commodious and pleasant house was soon after built, and has since continued to be occupied by Friends on First day during the summer. The relief which this arrangement afforded to E. P. Gurney was very great, though her services in the ministry were still frequent, and often very impressive.

Some letters follow, though slightly out of chronological order, expressive of the interest and sympathy felt by her friends in these engagements.

M. Whitall to E. P. G.

Seventh mo. 26th, 1868.

. . . I do believe I never said farewell to thee under a deeper feeling of true sympathy and a stronger flow of sisterly love, with a sense that the world, as it passed by thee at Atlantic City, knew nothing of the burdens and the baptisms that were sometimes thy portion. But there is an Eye that sees and an Ear that is ever open, and a blessed Arm extended for thy support. Its strength thou hast again and again proved, and it will never be withheld from thee. These meetings, with all the sayings and doings, have been no small matter, and now that they have been regularly commenced, the responsibility will rest with no little weight some-

where. I do expect thou wilt have thy portion, and believe that in and under all the Lord will be thy helper; therefore thou need not fear. Thy being at Atlantic City and thy services there I doubt not have been of His ordering and to His praise. Could thou ask more? We heard through several channels that you had a very good meeting on First day. I doubt whether thou wilt find it any easier than when in thy own house. I cannot but believe that it is the design of our Father that the healing influences of His love and mercy should flow there. May they run even into a broad river, that shall swallow up and carry to the bottom of the sea those mountains of prejudice that seem at times as if they would hide the love of Jesus.

William J. Allinson to E. P. G.

Seventh mo. 9th, 1870.

We hear with pleasure that your meeting has opened, and that thou hast been employed therein. This is an important part of thy life-service,—to raise the standard when others would suffer it to trail. As I recently hinted to thee, I often feel thankful, not merely for the gift committed to thee, but for thy fidelity in keeping very closely to it, so that there is no room for gainsayers. This is a favor to the Church, as thou hast not only thy individual work

to perform, but art intrusted with sustaining the character and memory of one so greatly beloved and honored of the Lord. There is a beautiful Providence in this which has often affected my heart. The clear sounding of the full gospel truth through thee is a pledge and a convincing proof of *his* Christian and Quaker soundness, the value of which it is impossible to overestimate. I do not know, in the range of Christian history, an instance of equal value, —of a true wife triumphantly holding the pure fame of a noble husband, unscathed, untarnished, and glorious, above the billows of threatening yet impotent calumny. I do not touch lightly upon this sacred topic. I trust thou wilt excuse the liberty.

H. K. H. to M. Whitall.

Seventh mo. 11th, 1871.

. . . Thou wouldst have rejoiced in the meeting on First day ; it was larger than that of the previous week, and a particularly sweet feeling prevailed. Darling Aunt Gurney spoke with much feeling and power. It was one of her full sermons, and the silence that followed was profound. She then knelt in solemn prayer. Thou knowest what her prayers are. I think I never more felt the sweetness and solemnity of this privilege ; one forgot, as it were, the servant in the felt presence of the Master. Many tearful

eyes gave witness that hearts had been touched and comforted. George M. Elkinton said a few words in conclusion, and the meeting separated under a feeling of thankfulness to Him who had so truly fed the multitude. . . . I thought this morning, as I heard her talking to — and — of the Lord's dealings with His children, what a comforter she is to many. She seems stronger and better for being here, and, as thou sayest, she is truly in her right place.

J. B. Braithwaite to E. P. G.

Tenth mo. 29th, 1871.

. . . Whatever our anxieties may be, I have great faith that, in the tender mercy of our gracious Redeemer, the vessel will be preserved and guided through every storm. There may be times when, for the trial of the disciples' faith, He may be as it were asleep; but it is only that His power and love may be magnified when He shall be pleased to arise at their cry and say to the waves, "Peace, be still!"

M. Whitall to E. P. G.

Eighth mo. 12th, 1873.

. . . We often hear the remark, "We have had a most excellent sermon;" but when a person can say, "My case was so remarkably spoken to I was helped forward and strengthened to trust and not be

afraid," it means a great deal more. And I hope thou, my dear friend, may be more and more filled with an earnest desire to be found faithful in doing the Lord's work, be it what it may. It is certainly a very responsible thing to be intrusted with His precious gifts; and I believe the location of thy summer home is of His ordering. The field there is large and laborious. May the comparative rest thou may feel now be sweet to thee!

Dr. Joseph W. Taylor to E. P. G.

Ninth mo. 16th, 1875.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—May I tell thee of the satisfaction the retrospect of my visit to you affords me? Truly, it felt to me a continuous Sabbath, and the "Son of Peace" seemed to dwell there. Was not this favor granted to thee, and, in some measure, to those around thee, as a reward for faithfulness in bearing the burdens of the word, and in preaching the gospel to that assemblage of attentive and interested people who have been drawn to your meetings at Atlantic City? I doubt not that the views and principles of Friends have thus been disseminated, and that many have been helped to see and feel the beauty, simplicity, and power of gospel truths beyond what they had ever known before. That meeting I consider second to none in Phila-

delphia Yearly Meeting in usefulness and importance, and upon thy shoulders has rested the burden of its support. My thoughts often turn with interest to these meetings, and with feelings of sympathy for thee. But, dear friend, no one knows better than thyself where to place these burdens, and find help in every time of need. Who can doubt that for this evening sacrifice a rich reward of peace will rest upon thee ?

Samuel Bettie to E. P. G.

Seventh mo. 24th, 1879.

. . . Inquiries of others and recent information have informed me of thy settlement by the sea, and of thy presence at meeting at Atlantic City. I am always glad to hear of thee in assemblies of the people, and especially at that city, where thy labors have been, as elsewhere, long and abundantly blessed. And the assurance is now evidently felt in thy heart that "He who has helped thee hitherto will help thee all thy journey through," and that the "dew of thy youth" will not dry up, but that thou wilt be found bringing forth fruit in advancing years. The Lord is not unrighteous to forget thy work and labor of love for Himself, and in ministrations to His servants and people. Continue thou, my beloved friend, to rest in His love and to labor in His cause. He

who has been thy morning light has not forgotten thee, and will be thy evening song and crown of rejoicing.

. . . How barren and fruitless of anything to interest this poor missive seems; but of this I can assure thee,—that it is a real comfort just to think of thee, to glance backward to our long, unbroken friendship, and forward to “our Father’s home.” May we through mere mercy be safely gathered there! Perhaps I cannot better conclude than by quoting a verse from a piece addressed to me on the subject of our mutual friendship by a poetic friend who died not long since, an Episcopal clergyman, Charles West Thomson :

“May the seal of Eternity rest on the bond!

Through life may it last, undiminished and pure;

And when we may gain the bright region beyond,

May we find it still round us, redoubled and sure!”

E. P. Gurney’s path was again shadowed with deep sorrow by the decease, in the summer of 1869, of her husband’s grandson, J. H. Backhouse, who had been so pleasantly with her some years before; and she could but bow in humble submission to the mysterious Providence which called away, as in a moment, this child of many prayers, just entering upon manhood, and, to all human perception, on the

threshold of a life of singular promise and possibilities. His character and happy end are well sketched in the following letters.

J. Hodgkin to E. P. G.

Seventh mo. 31st, 1869.

My heart turns with especial sympathy and love to thee in this great trial which has been dispensed to us so unexpectedly, and in which thou hast so large a part, both in thy own great loss and also from the fresh opening of wounds with which it is so closely connected. . . . My dear aunt and cousin are "chastened, but not killed;" they are "sorrowful," and yet, I might almost say, "always rejoicing" in the blessed evidence which was so abundantly furnished that death was swallowed up in victory. It is indeed a privilege to be with them; for while we can but feel that dear Eliza is truly like a widowed mother who has lost an only son just entering upon a life full of promise of every kind, yet all her loving care in his training, spiritual, moral, and intellectual, seems to be crowned with complete success, only it is a success for heaven instead of earth. I wish thou couldst share the atmosphere of this house. I feel that all who are brought within the influence of the death-bed happiness of this youthful disciple of the Lord Jesus have an

added responsibility; for what but the certainty of the heavenly inheritance, the witness of the Spirit so abundantly granted him, could have enabled him to give up all his earthly possessions, interests, and prospects without a tinge of regret, and to thank God for the blessing and mercy and joy which were before him, and seemed almost present to his view?

A. Y. Tatum to E. P. G.

Eighth mo. 11th, 1869.

MY OWN BELOVED FRIEND,—What a blow is this! Can it be that that cherished scion of a noble and venerated stock has been so early transplanted to his heavenly inheritance? How many hopes centred in a life so full of promise! Truly "death loves a shining mark." Dear E. B., too! Her best earthly hopes were placed on this son of her adoption, and now they are indeed crushed. His early and careful training, his position, his many noble qualities, and his ancestry all combined to create the fondest expectations. True indeed it is that here we know but in part, but *there* the veil so impenetrable to our mortal vision will be lifted. We know not what storms of temptation and of grief might have awaited him in a world which lieth in wickedness, and now he is safely housed from all. My own dear friend,

my heart goes forth to thee in unutterable sympathy and love, and I do rejoice in knowing that thou hast an anchor sure and steadfast. He who has been with thee in thy many deep trials will not fail thee now, but will, as heretofore, uphold thee by His strong arm of power, and enable thee, even in deep waters, to praise Him who has been, and is, the "light of thy countenance and thy God."

JOHN HENRY BACKHOUSE.

"He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever."—*Psalms* xxi. 4.

We asked for life, dear Lord, for him,
A life attuned unto Thy praise ;
We asked in faith. Thou gavest him
The length of everlasting days.
Thou gavest service, made him meet
To sit amid the blood-washed throng ;
Then led him forth to Jesus' feet,
To join the everlasting song.

We longed that earth might know his tread,
God-sent, amid the haunts of crime,
That his good record might be read
Throughout the coming years of time.
Thou hadst not thus o'erfilled his hand
With seed to sow on life's broad plain,
But called him where the reapers stand
To gather in the golden grain.

We asked a grandsire's mantle white
Might fall upon him as he trod
Thy chosen pathway, in the light
Of Thy dear countenance, O God.
Thou hadst a better robe in store,—
Thou wouldst not give Thy dear child less;
Full white, he wears on yonder shore
The robe of Jesus' righteousness.

Thou gavest richly, as a King,
In answer to our earnest prayer;
And now those troubled hearts we bring,
Who in their cup have found full share
Of Marah's drops of bitterness
In parting from their loved one thus.
Be pleased their drooping hearts to bless,
For Thou alone canst comfort us.

Oh, comfort them while tear-drops fall !
To Thy dear face their dim eyes raise,
And show them how Thou gav'st him all
The wealth of everlasting days.
Unto their faith, O Father, prove
The blessing which he has with Thee,—
The fulness of a Saviour's love,
The glories of Eternity !

A. B. T.

Ninth month, 1869.

E. P. G. to H. K. H.

ATLANTIC CITY (no date).

. . . Now that the meetings are over, I feel as if I really could enjoy a little social intercourse, which I have hardly been able to do, from one cause or other, since coming down, so great has been the pressure on my spirit; and the exercise of mind I have had to pass through has been at times as much as I could bear. But to-day, thanks to unmerited mercy, "the whole earth is at rest, and is quiet;" and under a grateful sense of the tender loving-kindness of my Father in heaven, thanksgiving and the voice of melody are once again ascending from my faithless heart. But, oh! when I remember all my doubts and fears and conflicts, the upbraiding query will sometimes arise, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" The meeting yesterday was one of unusual solemnity, and though some Friends had looked to having another before the season closed, I felt satisfied the right time had come to conclude them, in which some others quite united, saying they thought it was "much better they should end when the tide was up."

E. P. G. to Thomas Evans.

WEST HILL (no date).

. . . I purposely avoided calling on thee in Philadelphia, because I do so thoroughly approve thy plan of perfect quietness. Indeed, I have thought, my dear and valued friend, that after thy late dedication thou might afford a season of entire rest to mind and body. "Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile" was the language of the compassionate Redeemer when many were coming and going, and the poor disciples had not time so much as to eat. "He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust," and "by His gentleness He maketh great." I feel it in my heart just to say, in reference to what thou hast remarked about thy deep unworthiness, that I assuredly believe, when thou hast finished all the work appointed thee to do, through the rich mercy of that blessed Saviour whom, not having seen, thou hast loved, the mansion is prepared, the crown is ready, and the gracious sentence, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!" is there awaiting thee in that heavenly kingdom, wherein it is declared that sorrow, suffering, parting, pain, and death shall never come. Oh, that through pardoning mercy I may meet thee there!

Mary Whitall to E. P. G.

Tenth mo. 4th, 1870.

. . . I received the book all safe, and am truly thankful for thy great kindness in sending it. I am reading and re-reading it with renewed interest, and think thou must feel at times as though thou hadst passed through two different worlds. I am sure thou feels, in many a backward glance, how wonderfully the Lord has guided thee and helped thee, and, in a prospective view, can believe "He will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

. . . How is it faring with thee, beloved? This inquiry has very often arisen in my heart, with tender longings for a reply, and, though it came not, there was ever a sweet sense that it was well; and whether amid the blossoming and the flowers and all the beauty of West Hill, or whether by the deep, moaning sea and the rain as we have had it to-day, the beams of the Sun of Righteousness were in thy dwelling. And besides the dear little circle around thee, thou had the companionship of that Friend who sticketh closer than a brother, who in thy early life called thee and took thee for His own. "I have called thee by thy name: thou art mine." The sweet young people about thee are cheerers I know, and will give thee heartfelt sympathy; but they are

entering upon the early and brightly opening pathway of life, while we are on the downward slope. But how the clouds are brightened, and such lovely views spread before us at sun-setting!

The last remaining sister of E. P. Gurney, Mary Ann Williams, died Eighth month 21st, 1872. She had been a member of her family since her first settlement at Burlington, and by her gentle, unobtrusive, and efficient ministries had contributed largely to the charm of the household.

A younger generation of great-nieces now clustered round the solitary hearth, cheering its loneliness with their fresh and buoyant life, and anticipating their aunt's increasing needs with watchful care.

Hannah L. Neall to E. P. G.

SAN FRANCISCO, Tenth mo. 23d, 1872.

. . . I have been thinking a great deal about thee recently, and recalling, with something of the pleasurable sadness with which one looks upon the drifting autumn leaves, the dear days, now drifting to and fro in my memory, that I spent with thee and thine in thy quiet Burlington home.

My life, dear friend, has much to thank thee for; and it seems to me it must be pleasant, as our foot-

steps lead along the distant ways and toward the upward slopes, to hear now and then the echoes of some word or work of ours in the gone-by days which made others happier and better for our living. I have many such sweet reminiscences of thee, when, perhaps, thou little knew how much I needed and valued thy help. I hear of thee occasionally through home correspondents, of thy failing health and inability for as active a life as formerly; of thy increased work, even in this state, for thy Master, when, perhaps, thou art all unconscious of it; and I feel that I want to be near thee in these days of "beautiful sanctuary," and to come with my heartfelt love and blessing. Dear, true friend, I shall not forget thee! As the years roll on, and I near the golden sands of the Eternal shore, I look back with gratitude to those who have pointed the way, and see, as I clambered painfully along over broken arches, why they were sharp and rugged to my feet.

* * * * *

The summer wore her sweetest grace,
And roses flung their fragrance out,
While thou and I, with lingering pace,
Wandered the pleasant paths about.
The cottage doors were open wide,
The guests were gathered in the hall,
And I, from wanderings far and wide,
Returned as to a festival.

Oh, for that welcome once again!
 My heart cries out, and still I wait.
 Dear Lord, if prayers are all in vain,
 Grant us beyond the golden gate
 With full and joyous hearts to come,
 Leaving our burdens here below,
 And hear the blessed welcome home
 Which all Thy weary pilgrims know.

Extract from Baroness Bunsen's letter to Elizabeth de Bunsen (daughter of Samuel Gurney).

January 29th, 1874.

. . . How kind you are to give me an account of your aunt, Eliza Gurney, whose image is so bright in my remembrance. I am thankful for her that she is bodily and mentally so well preserved as to be enabled in old age to continue in real usefulness to her brethren in Christ, having the gift of communicating to others of the work of God in her own soul. Pray, if you think of it, remember me to her when you write, and assure her how thankfully I recall her visit to my dearest husband at Wiltbad, in 1857, when she sat with us through the afternoon, and uttered so many words of Christian love and eloquence.



Mary Whitall to E. P. G.

First mo. 30th, 1873.

. . . I had such a lovely visit to thee in my wanderings in dreamland that I can hardly think of thee as on a sick-bed,—thou came before me then in such a glow of health, and I walked with thee over thy house, where everything was so bright and fresh; the rays of the brightest sunshine pierced every corner, and I repeated in my sleep some lines of poetry that I had not seen or thought of for a long time,—

“The sun shone on her house by day,
By night the moonbeams fair,
And as of old in Israel,
’Twas never darkness there,”—

and then tried to repeat to thee the following, but could only get hold of a line or two :

“He is my Lord, my Love, my all,
The sweetness of my life;
He is my strength in weakness, He
Strives with me in the strife.
I am in Him and He in me,
My only hope and stay;
In Him I take my rest by night,
In Him I work by day.”

It was just lovely, and West Hill seemed like a little heaven ; and when I woke, and thought how thou hadst been going about comforting others, I could rejoicingly believe that joy and peace would be given thee.

E. P. Gurney's constant and helpful friend, William J. Allinson, died in Burlington, Sixth month, 1874. His widow, Rebecca W. Allinson, writes :

Eighth mo. 18th, 1874.

. . . My thoughts have been closely drawn toward thee in a fellowship of sympathy unknown before in the same degree. I know now, my precious friend, what it is to be glad for those who rest from their labors, while a sense of utter bereavement, as regards an almost life-long companionship, comes over one at moments with crushing weight. The thirty-five years of our union cover reminiscences blended with all that was lovely and of good report, often mingled with trial and proving, but still,

“ Through rough ascent and even slope,
Permitting us to mourn with hope,”

and to rejoice with trembling. And then it will be only a little while and we may join the general assembly in our Father's house on high.

I was rejoiced to hear thou wast with the mourning company assembled on First day morning, and enabled to testify to the truth. Words are inadequate to express my sense of what thy sympathy and Christian love have been and still are to all of us.

The pure, beautiful shell is lovely to look upon, and seems to bear with it sweet thoughts of ocean's tossings, and of the time when there shall be "no more sea."

E. P. Gurney greatly enjoyed a short visit about this time from William Edward Forster, M.P., since Chief Secretary for Ireland, the son of her lamented friend, William Forster, together with Sir T. Fowell Buxton, grandson of the philanthropist of the same name, who were spending a few weeks in America. The former was again at West Hill rather later.

E. P. G. wrote to M. Whitall:

And now what shall I say of the delightful time we have had with our deeply-interesting and distinguished visitor? He came to us most unexpectedly on Seventh day, and left on Second, but not until we had had two or three precious hours of his company, including a sweet little reading and a heart-tendering farewell, because we fully realized that it would be

the last. How I did long for some of you beloved ones then! Both mind and heart were so entirely unlocked, and he appeared to such peculiar advantage. Those who just see him for a moment can scarcely appreciate the wealth of his affections, the riches of his intellect, the sparkling humor, which so reminds me of his uncle Buxton, and the remarkable straightforwardness which from his earliest years have marked his course. I was so glad to have the opportunity of talking intimately with him about my dear home relatives in England, John Henry most especially, of whom he spoke in terms to please even me.

Catharine M. Brown to E. P. G.

. . . I can hardly tell thee the gratification it has been to me to read again and again, with many memories, thy little volume, "Heart Utterances." It seems to me there may be only a few left who can look back through the very same years, beginning at Frankford and Westtown, and all the way forward through our long and marked pilgrimages,—who can read those pieces and trace them with more interest than I have done. Now, is this egotism? My eyes are dim, but it feels like love. . . . I can hardly tell which I like the best, but "When the eagle stirreth up her nest" seems just now to come impressively to

my heart; and surely, my dear friend, thou hast deeply known all its truths. The sweetest balm for all we suffer is to feel and believe

"'Tis only the Parent hand of Love
That is stirring up the nest."

J. B. Braithwaite to E. P. G., on the death of her beloved and honored friend, John Hodgkin.

Eighth mo., 1875.

Surely these losses are designed to draw us more close to Him in whom it hath pleased the Father that all fulness should dwell. The longer I live the more I love to rest upon the words "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." And yet, though we know that all our springs are in Him, we cannot but deeply feel when the vessels are taken away which were wont to convey to us such precious draughts from the living well.

E. P. G. to M. Whitall.

(No date.)

I have been hourly longing to acknowledge thy precious little farewell paper messenger, with all of which my spirit has true unity, but most especially with the latter part of it, to which I say "Amen" with all my heart. I often long to quit the "debata-

ble land" forever, it is so thoroughly unprofitable to dwell upon disputed points, and always leaves one utterly impoverished.

"Why should we differ by the way?

Why should dissensions come?

We hope to spend an endless day

In one eternal home."

Give my warmest love to thy dear and honored husband. Although we seldom meet, I always think of him as one whose silent ministry testifies loudly to the truth of the inspired language, that "the work of righteousness is peace, and the effect thereof quietness and assurance forever." . . . While some of the dear, zealous Friends in Philadelphia are striving about words to little profit, and warming themselves with coals of their own kindling, I have been refreshing my spirit by looking over some delightful letters from veterans in the army of the Lamb, who are now engaged in singing living praises unto Him who hath washed them from their sins in His own precious blood, such as dear William Forster, Edward Pease, Stephen Grellet, John Cox, and others.

J. B. Braithwaite to E. P. G.

Fourth mo. 24th, 1876.

I have been thinking much of you during your Yearly Meeting, which is, I presume, now over. The state of things is peculiarly trying to the faith, especially for those who desire steadily to pursue the even tenor of their way, without turning aside to either extreme, but looking with the single eye unto the one Lord. I feel deeply for our dear young friends. The responsibility of the Church on their account is very great. The sense of it often makes me humble. But deeply as we may feel, nothing should induce us to put forth our hands to stay the tottering Ark in our own wisdom. The Lord's own time and method must be waited for. In the mean time we must watch with the listening ear and the willing and obedient heart. Prayer, deep, fervent, and believing, must be the atmosphere in which we live. And I have faith to believe that our gracious Lord, who has raised us up to bear testimony to so many precious portions of His truth, will in His mercy bless us and do us good, healing our backslidings and divisions, and uniting us in His love.

Elizabeth Hodgkin to E. P. G.

* BOURNEMOUTH, Ninth mo. 10th, 1876.

MY BELOVED COUSIN,—I trust thou wilt not measure my gratitude for thy letter by my slowness in acknowledging it. I did highly appreciate the effort thou made in writing me, and I thank thee from the depths of my wearied heart for those understanding words of sympathy. Yes, it is the widow who alone can understand the new-made widow's anguish. One year has rolled away since my lovely Nellie went home, the first overwhelming grief,—I believe more heavy now, being unshared by him who best knew my heart's sorrow, and for my sake concealed his own. But it crushed him; he never rallied, and in three months the death-wound fell on him. . . . Oh, how often our heart and lips are now saying, "Oh, to be over yonder," where there is no more separation, "in the presence of the King!"

I am truly grieved to hear of dear, kind Dr. Taylor's failing health. I seem to love and value him now more than ever, so closely is his memory bound with my precious husband.

E. P. G. to M. Whitall.

(No date.)

. . . Since thou wast here I have been listening to ——'s critique, and think it excellent, as far as

it goes ; that is to say, I entirely unite with her views in reference to justification by faith. But has she not laid herself open to the mystical remarks of her opponent by stopping short of the whole plan of salvation through a once-suffering and crucified Saviour, a now risen and reigning Lord? Has she not given an undue prominence to the blessed and glorious work that has been done for us without us, to the utter exclusion of the equally blessed and all-important work which must be accomplished within us, before we can be made meet for the heavenly inheritance that has been purchased for us, and to which we can have no possible claim but the free, unmerited mercy of God in Christ Jesus? While I would utterly ignore the unsound views of —, I must confess my Bible teaches me that I must not only be freed from the guilt, but also from the pollution, of sin,—not only be justified by faith, but sanctified by the Spirit; for Christ loved the Church, and gave Himself for it, that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word, that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing. So that, while justification gives us the title to the mansion in the Father's house, sanctification must give us the fitness for it, for "without holiness no man can see the Lord." Dost thou remember

what Jay says on this disputed question?—"The one regards something done for us; the other, something done in us. The one is a change in our state; the other, a change in our nature. The one is perfect at once, the other is gradual. We need the one as well as the other; for if we were not sanctified as well as justified, we could neither serve God properly nor enjoy Him. Suppose an unrenewed man pardoned: he would be no more able to see the kingdom of God than before, but would feel the company, the pleasures, and the enjoyments of the heavenly state uncongenial and irksome. Or suppose you had a son, and you forbade him to enter a place of contagion, on pain of losing all you could leave him: he goes, and is seized with the infection. He thus is not only guilty by transgressing your command, but he is also diseased; and do you not perceive that your forgiving him does not heal him? He wants not only the father's pardon, but the physician's aid, and in vain is he freed from the forfeiture of his estate if he be left under the power of the disorder." Excuse my scribbling on at such a rate. I was so much interested by dear ——'s capital presentation of one-half the gospel plan, as I consider it, that my pen would not be restrained from adding the other. Wouldst thou mind sending her the accompanying tract of Bishop McIlvaine,

with my dear love, and ask her what she thinks of it? He is considered one of our soundest theologians. But I should like to quote a line or two from our own beloved and honored William Forster: "Oh, how I love to dwell upon the mercies of God in Christ Jesus! How it humbles the pride of man into the very dust of his unworthiness. And when applied under the animating influence of the Spirit, how it raises the soul in hope of an inheritance incorruptible in the heavens! No room for the creature, its own works, its own merits, its own excellences! There every crown is cast down at the footstool of the Redeemer, and Christ within and Christ without becomes our hope of glory,—not one without the other, but both in blessed unison, exalting His own praise!"

E. P. G. to M. Whitall (on the death of John M. Whitall).

Sixth mo., 1877.

I trust I shall not weary thee, my own dear friend, but I must send one line, if only to assure thee that thy sweet letter was a true help and comfort to me yesterday,—more so than I can possibly describe. . . . I have so followed thee from day to day and hour to hour, and in the silent watches of the night the breathing of my spirit for thee is, May the Lord

bless and keep thee, lift up the light of His glorious countenance upon thee, and give thee peace! Thy precious husband's message was a real comfort to me. It is so sweet to think of him as "safe in the arms of Jesus, safe on the Saviour's breast!"—safe for Time, safe for Eternity! "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Surely these beatitudes belong to him. And there is one which at this moment rises in my heart, as more especially appropriate to the beloved ones who are gathering around him: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

I feel sure, my beloved friend, thy prayer for a submissive spirit will be answered. Indeed, I think thou dost already realize that it is "sweet to lie passive in His hand, and know no will but His."

E. P. G. to M. Whitall.

(No date.)

MY PRECIOUS FRIEND.— . . . In bidding thee lovingly farewell, I am comforted and cheered by the persuasion that thou art indeed a portion of the vineyard of the heavenly Husbandman, which He Himself hath blessed, of which He has said so sweetly, "I, the Lord, do keep it; I will water it every moment; lest any hurt it, I will keep it night

and day." Then to His tender care I do confidently commit thee, for life or death. Perhaps He may see meet that we should look upon each other's faces once again in mutability; if not, I reverently believe that, through the fulness of His own atoning mercy, He will unite our ransomed spirits in that better land, where there is no more sorrow, no more separation, no more sin, and no more death, but where, with those most tenderly beloved ones who have gone before us, we may unite in singing praises unto Him who hath redeemed us with His own precious blood. So be it, saith my soul. I bid thee most affectionately farewell in the Lord, and am thy faithfully attached and grateful friend.

E. P. G. to M. Whitall.

"DEARLY BELOVED AND LONGED FOR,"—I am sure I can adopt this language of the apostle in all sincerity, for I do love thee dearly, and long to see thee more than I can say, although appearances are certainly against me, not having written thee a line since our sweet parting at Atlantic City. But how often have I thought of thee with true and tender sympathy, how often have I longed to share the pressure which I well know at times weighs down thy spirit, even when thy lips are uttering praises unto Him who dealeth tenderly with His believing

children! All are partakers of the cup of mixture; but how sweet to realize that it is in a loving Father's hand, that He poureth out the same, and giveth to His dear adopted children just so much of joy and sorrow as He sees there is a "need be" for! Thus, I assuredly believe, He has been dealing with thee, and the cheerful resignation of thy spirit is an acceptable sacrifice unto Him.

I rather hoped to have seen our dear friend, Stanley Pumphrey, at meeting this morning, but, as usual, we were left to ourselves; and now that R. W. Allinson is gone, it is really a lonely allotment. Only Sarah R. Smith and Robert Thomas in the gallery, and not a single utterance but my own, which I had hardly faith enough to render audible. Oh, how I miss the help of thy dear, sympathizing spirit at such times as these! It was a real comfort to me at Atlantic City, especially at the little cottage meetings, in which there certainly did seem to be as much solemnity as in the larger ones. But they are all passed away like a dream, and probably I shall never be there again. However, "secret things belong unto the Lord our God," and those that suffer according to His holy will must commit the keeping of their souls unto Him in well doing as unto a faithful Creator. We know in whom we have believed, and are persuaded that He is able to keep

that which we have committed unto Him against that day.

Speaking of Stanley Pumphrey, I was fain to say that when I heard of his being so weighted by the prospect before him, I felt quite drawn to him in tender sympathy. Truly it is no light thing to speak in the name of the Lord at such a time as this, and I think he will feel it to be so.

E. P. G. to M. Whitall.

(No date.)

. . . I have been completely absorbed by the deeply interesting little memoir (of John M. Whitall). Dear H. has given us such a life-like picture of thy precious husband that I can almost fancy I have been conversing with him and have seen the twinkle in his laughing eye; but nothing has recalled him with such sweetness as his own faithful record of his inner life, his honest statement of his hits and misses, and his graphic description of all the way his blessed Lord had led him throughout the perils of the wilderness, "to humble him and to prove him, and to know what was in his heart, whether he would serve him, yea or nay," thus sealing it upon his dedicated servant's spirit that "man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Indeed, I have felt

it quite refreshing in these modern times to dwell on the experience of a "Quaker of the olden time," when men had fellowship one with another, and realized for themselves that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. But I must not enlarge. In these days of physical infirmity, when my heart and my flesh are failing me, I desire to be clothed with fervent charity, and to "owe no man anything, but to love one another." Is it not sweet to feel, my own dear friend, that the Great Shepherd of the sheep is watching over us, and that He does keep those in perfect peace whose minds are stayed on Him, because they are trusting in Him? The breathing of my spirit at this moment is that, even though the billows may be suffered to arise and agitate and discompose the surface, the very "peace of God, which passeth understanding, may keep thy heart and mind through Jesus Christ."

E. P. Gurney's love for children was a prominent characteristic. The daily visits of her niece's little ones, living near by, were an unceasing pleasure; and her cordial greeting and endless store of interesting converse and amusement made her chair a centre of rare enjoyment to them.

A widowed niece, with her little daughter, about three years of age, resided with E. P. Gurney at

West Hill. The winning ways and sweet disposition of the child had endeared her very closely to her aunt, and she seemed the sunshine of the house. But a sudden attack of scarlet fever took her from their loving arms, and E. P. Gurney was again plunged into deep, but not hopeless, mourning. Most touching and appropriate were the words quoted by a dear friend at the little grave: "Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

E. P. G. to H. K. H.

WEST HILL, First mo., 1879.

I know thou hast been with us in spirit while the waves and the billows have been passing over us, and it has seemed at seasons as if the water flood must overwhelm, but—blessed be the name of our compassionate Saviour!—He has not suffered the deep to swallow us up, though truly He has "sore broken us in the valley of humiliation, and covered us with the shadow of death." Thou canst hardly imagine the depths we have been passing through, or the wrench it has been to some of us to part forever with this darling child, who had twined herself so closely round every fibre of our clinging hearts,—parted forever, as regards this fleeting scene, but I confidently believe there is a glorious meeting-place

where, through the fulness of redeeming mercy, all the Lord's ransomed children will be safely garnered. . . . Do not think, dearest H., because I have dwelt so much on the heartrending sorrow of giving up this precious little one, that unmitigated grief has been our portion. So far from this, that loving Saviour, one of whose blessed offices it is to comfort all that mourn, has been very near to His sorrowing children, pouring the balm of healing into every stricken heart, very remarkably into dear, precious —'s, who, while writhing under the weight of His chastening hand, has been enabled to magnify the name of the holy Chastener. I have rarely ever witnessed a more striking instance of the power of Divine grace to elevate the soul above the crushing trials of the present hour and fill it with thanksgiving and the voice of melody.

E. P. Gurney's feelings sought expression in the following lines :

Not lost, my darling Elsie, but only gone before,
To give us joyful greeting upon the other shore,—
To welcome those who love thee to thy genial home in heaven,
Where thou art now rejoicing with the washed and the forgiven,
With all the ransomed company who circle round the Throne,
The palm of victory in their hand, the crown of glory on!
Oh, who would bring thee back to earth, with all its hidden snares,
Its sorrows, its perplexities, its burdens, and its cares ?

Yet how we miss thee, Elsie! we miss thy gleeful tone,
 Thy gentle step, thy ringing laugh, thou precious little one!
 We sadly miss thy look of love, thy words of tenderness.
 Thy mother's arms are empty now; she can no longer press
 The babe she loved so dearly to her poor stricken heart.
 Oh, it was agony indeed from that sweet child to part;
 But she turned the eye of faith to heaven, that she might there be-
 hold
 Her precious little lambkin, safe in the Saviour's fold.
 "Mamma, I do love Jesus," were the solemn words she said,
 Then on her gentle Saviour's breast pillowed her wearied head,
 Singing with the whole host of heaven the everlasting song,
 "To Him who washed us in His blood glory and praise belong."

The winter of 1879-80 was unusually prolific of sorrow to E. P. Gurney. In the First month, 1880, died her near neighbor and long-loved friend, Dr. Joseph W. Taylor, a man upon whose sterling worth and clear judgment she had been accustomed to rely with confidence, and who was always prompt to render his efficient aid in her varied needs. Samuel Bettle and Mary Whitall, of Philadelphia, with both of whom she had maintained a close friendship for many years, were also removed by death after a short interval, leaving with her a sense of sore bereavement and loneliness.

E. P. Gurney had arranged and published, under the title of "The Garland," a number of her favorite

poems, generally of a devotional character. A collection of some of her own poetical effusions was afterward printed for private circulation, entitled "Heart Utterances at Various Periods of a Checkered Life." Reference is made to the latter volume in the following letters.

Joel Bean to E. P. G.

WEST BRANCH, Fourth mo. 14th, 1881.

. . . I am disposed to take the pen to send thee at least a message of love. Anna Potts mentioned lately thy eightieth birthday. Years ago it was one of thy heart utterances,—

"Alas! they have left me all alone
By the receding tide;
But, oh! the countless multitudes
Upon the other side!"

We think of thee as in one sense more alone than often falls to the lot of the Zionward pilgrim. Yet, in a better sense, we can think of no one less alone. He who was thy morning light is thy evening song, as He leads thee still through proving and lonely paths to larger knowledge and deeper experience of the unsearchable riches of His grace. He is ever with thee, whether with the conscious shining of His face to comfort and lift thy spirit up, or with a

veil to make thee long more and press closer to His side. And not alone His companionship: the mountain is full about thee. "Ye are come to Mount Zion, to the general assembly and Church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven, and to God, the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect."

Hannah E. Bean to E. P. G.

Fourth mo. 16th, 1881.

BELOVED FRIEND,—Our thoughts have been much with thee of late, and ever with the heart-cheering feeling that, although feebleness of body may be thy portion, yet He who has so eminently been "the health of thy countenance and thy God" has thee so safely sheltered under His Almighty wing that the strength of His spirit is thine. Faithfully hast thou labored for thy King while health and strength were given; now He has drawn thee aside to the holy mount, where, as He prompts the vocal or unuttered prayers for the Church and the individual workers in the vineyard, they arise as sweet incense, "golden vials full of odors." For the Church's sake, we long that thou mayst tarry long in the land of Beulah; but earnest is the prayer of my heart that our Father will send many and continually brighter tokens of His love to thee, both instrumentally

through the dear ones who daily minister to thee, and absent ones who cherish thy image, and ever by His own best gift of Himself. "I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy name is continually before me." Purchased, redeemed, sanctified, what can we ask more for thee but that patient endurance of the last tests may be rewarded with His peace here and the crown hereafter?

It would seem superfluous to attempt any fuller delineation of E. P. Gurney's religious character than has been already set forth in some of the foregoing pages. Her ministry, like her correspondence, gave no uncertain sound; and she had a happy facility in conveying distinctly to others her own clear views of gospel truth. Her public addresses were seldom of great length, but delivered with much dignity and solemnity of manner, and distinct, deliberate utterance, and were especially attractive to the young. Unshrinking when her duty required the delivery of solemn warning or serious admonition, yet the love of God in Christ Jesus was her favorite theme, the key to all her interpretations of Scripture. Controversy on points of minor importance was especially distasteful to her, as well as all radical views in doctrine or Church polity. She once wrote, "Extremes are painful and oppressive

to me, be they on which side they may. I prefer the middle of the middle way." She loved peace for its own sake, and delighted to dwell on the olden days, when the name of Friend conveyed no thought of coldness or estrangement.

"For there was freedom in that wakening time
Of tender souls; to differ was not crime:
The varying bells made up the perfect chime."

The promotion of social intercourse and the maintenance of mutual interest, especially by those who were prominent in the religious Society of which she was a member, were regarded by her as important duties. She wrote, in reference to one who had failed in these respects: "I thought, surely this is only fulfilling a part of the mission,—preaching the word, but not being willing to communicate; reproving, rebuking, exhorting in the public gatherings, but wholly neglecting in the social circle to 'rejoice with them that do rejoice, and to weep with those who weep.' Is it not a slighting of the exhortation, 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ'?"

Her own example in this respect was remarkable. She possessed the happy faculty of drawing out the latent powers of others, and her conversation was rich with the ripened fruits of her large experience,

and marked with the Christian charity that thinketh no evil. She "opened her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness." Her heart instinctively prompted her to share with others whatever good she might possess, and when, as so often happened, she had guests whose conversation she thought would especially interest or edify her neighbors, they were freely invited to partake with her of the intellectual feast.

Some passages from one or two of the many interesting letters received after her departure may perhaps be properly inserted here.

Dr. J. C. T. to G. B. K.

Eleventh mo. 9th, 1881.

. . . The charm of her graceful and brilliant conversation was peculiarly her own, and it was always a privilege to be permitted to be with her. Few persons have been possessed of so great an endowment of heart and mind, to which her varied acquaintance with men and manners gave additional interest. Her association with the Society of Friends has embraced all the periods of deepest interest in its history for the last sixty years. She might truly have said, "All of which I saw, and part of which I was." Her work as a young woman with Hannah C. Backhouse and her marriage with J. J.

Gurney in after-years, threw her into the fore-front of the agencies which saved the Society in this country and in England from Socinianism. How greatly she enjoyed, how keenly she suffered during those eventful periods! Of her own service as a Christian and as a minister of Christ all with whom she mingled can testify. She had pre-eminently the prophetic gift, and spoke directly to the states of her hearers. . . .

H. L. Neall to H. K. H.

February 17th, 1882.

. . . A most rare and exceedingly lovely woman was thy beloved aunt. She had the gift of knowing when and where to touch sin for healing, sorrow for comforting, evil for reproving, grief for consoling. She carried with her an aroma of sweetness and purity that made Christianity lovely and to be desired as a joy and happiness; she exemplified in her daily walk its refining and beautifying influence. She made goodness attractive for its own sake, and won the timid and distrustful to confidence and trust in the love which permeated her own life. If she came, as I believe we all must come, to Christ through tribulation, she bore the palm of victory so assuredly that one saw more of the glory of conquering than of the pang of suffering, more of the

strength of overcoming than of the anguish of enduring, and thus realized the power of religion to put aside lets and hinderances and press forward for the prize of the high calling which is in our Lord and Saviour. I never felt ministrations so tender and touching as were hers to me; and since I was a young girl I have had a most reverent and enduring affection for her, which neither time nor separation could in the least diminish, for it has been one of the realities of my life. And although I may not have written to or heard from her for months personally, I always knew my place in her heart, and that she felt an abiding interest in me and in my temporal as well as spiritual welfare.

The ample means at E. P. Gurney's disposal enabled her largely to enjoy the luxury of doing good as well to the bodies as to the souls of the needy, and her charities, though discriminating, were widely spread. Rarely did she fail to respond to the call of want or suffering, esteeming herself as simply a steward, not only of the manifold grace of God in spiritual things, but of her abundant temporal blessings, endeavoring to administer wisely all the talents committed to her keeping.

In person E. P. Gurney was somewhat above the medium height, and remarkably attractive in appear-

ance and address. In early life she was of rather slender frame, becoming much stouter as years advanced. A sprained ankle, received in jumping hastily from a carriage, caused a weakness from which she never fully recovered, and debarred her in her latter years from much intercourse with her friends, except at her own fireside, where she ever welcomed her numerous visitors with kind and graceful courtesy.

Her naturally good constitution was now evidently showing the inroads of time. The sight of one eye had been gone for many years, and the other partook of the weakness to such an extent that reading and writing, except by the aid of others, was often interdicted, and at times impossible. This privation she keenly felt, the more so from the fear lest some of her correspondents should fail fully to comprehend her inability to respond as she would have wished to do, and attribute to want of interest the silence that was unavoidable. Surrounded by loving and devoted nieces and relatives, all that affection could suggest was done to mitigate the infirmities of advancing age, and to soothe its inevitable loneliness.

During the winter of 1880 she was often missed from her accustomed seat in meeting. In the following summer she was again able to go to the sea-shore,

but without receiving the usual benefit from the ocean breezes; and she returned for the last time to West Hill in a condition of great physical weakness. Her faith in her Redeemer, "undimmed by doubt, undarkened by despair," sustained her through the last weary days of bodily trial, and, after about three weeks of suffering, the end came, in perfect peace, on the 8th of the Eleventh month, 1881.

The funeral, which took place at Friends' Meeting-House, Burlington, on the 11th of Eleventh month, was a time of solemnity not soon to be forgotten. All classes of the community seemed anxious to manifest their regard for her memory, feeling, as was truthfully expressed at the time, that she had indeed been "a succorer of many;" and not a few could add, "and of myself also."

The notice in the "Annual Monitor," already quoted, says, "By a happy, undesigned coincidence Richard Hanbury Joseph Gurney, her husband's youngest grandson, with his youthful bride, the granddaughter of the first Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, and William Fowler, M.P., one of the nephews of his second wife, all from England, were present, and added to the interest of the occasion. Various affectionate testimonies were borne to the graces of her Christian life and the blessedness of her hope, full of immortality."

Her mortal remains repose in the quiet burial-ground attached to the meeting-house, surrounded by those of many of her kindred, and of beloved ones with whom she was accustomed to take sweet counsel, and to go up to the house of God in company.

“Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.” “For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.”

IN MEMORIAM.

E. P. GURNEY.

Died November 8, 1881.

Fitting are sombre clouds to-day,
And wild November's wailing blast :
A noble soul, and true, hath passed
From earth away !

Silent are lips that ne'er before
Were unresponsive to our tears ;
The life and love that blessed our years
For us are o'er.

Our steps are on the withered leaves ;
Clouds are alike within, without ;
Yea, sorrows compass us about
Whom Death bereaves. .

But, oh ! for her who loved her Lord,
Who daily poured upon his feet
Love's precious ointment, rich and sweet,
Death is reward.

Hush, hush these selfish tears, this woe :
Do ye not hear a holy Voice ?
" Ye, if ye loved me, would rejoice
Because I go."

So would she speak from that bright shore,
Beyond Death's darkly rolling tide,
Where she in glory shall abide
For evermore.

F. M. SHARPLESS.

THE END.

* *Memoirs of Elizabeth Fry*, vol. i, p. 3, &c.

† The following list of the names may be found useful:—

CATHERINE died unmarried, 1850.

RACHEL died unmarried, 1827.

ELIZABETH, married in 1800, to Joseph Fry, of London, died in 1845.

JOHN died 1814.

RICHENDA, married in 1816, to Francis Cunningham.

HANNAH, married in 1807, to Thomas Fowell Buxton.

LOUISA, married in 1806, to Samuel Hoare, died in 1886.

PRISCILLA died unmarried, 1821.

SAMUEL.

JOSEPH [JOHN] died in 1847.

DANIEL.

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